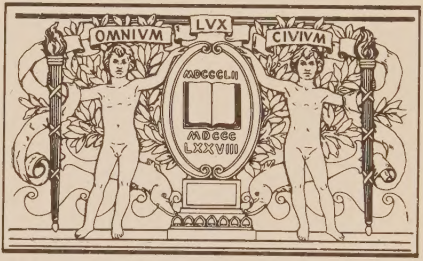
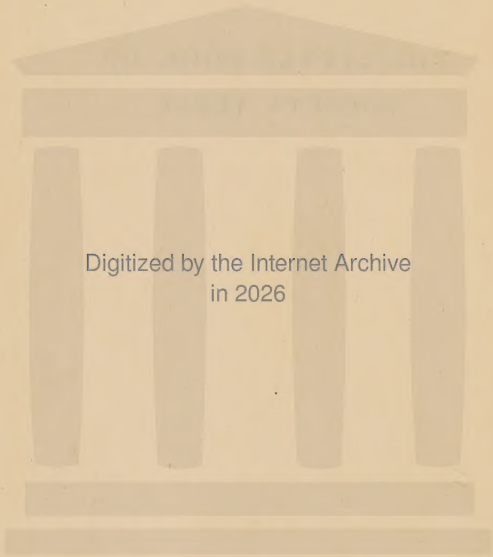


BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

LAURIAT CO.
RS & BOOKSELLERS

THE LITTLE BOOK OF SOCIETY VERSE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/littlebookofsoci0000clou

THE LITTLE BOOK OF SOCIETY VERSE

COMPILED BY

CLAUDE MOORE FUESS

AND

HAROLD CRAWFORD STEARNS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1922

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

"BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY"

PREFACE

It has been our object to gather in one small volume some of the best examples in the English tongue of that poetical *genre* usually known as *vers de société*, or Society Verse. In doing this, we ought at once to disclaim any ambition to make our collection either authoritative or all-embracing. As a literary type, Society Verse is so elusive and its limits so vaguely defined that it is impossible to please everybody's critical taste. There are, of course, certain poems concerning the inclusion of which no intelligent reader will be likely to have a doubt; but there are numerous others which are more difficult to classify, and about which opinions will inevitably differ.

Our own standard has certainly not been too high or too exacting. With Brander Matthews, we have recognized that Society Verse,

whatever else its virtues, must have the qualities of "brevity, brilliancy, and buoyancy." Like Locker-Lampson, we have conceived of it as treating, for the most part, of "that charmed circle of uncertain limits known conventionally as 'good society' — a circle governed by a code of artificial manners and in constant subjugation to Mrs. Grundy." At its best, Society Verse has lightness and delicacy of touch, gracefulness of phrasing, and an appearance of spontaneity combined with a hint of artifice. The feeling expressed must never be crude or exuberant. The style must not be too elevated nor the thoughts too profound. Robert Browning once said that he did not intend his poetry to be a substitute for a cigar. These versifiers — writers like Prior and Gay, Praed and Locker-Lampson, Holmes and Dobson — have had, on the contrary, no other aim than to give delight. If they relapse into seriousness, it is only for an interval. If they dally with love, it is in the mood of Or-

lando, not of Romeo. As one of them once put it, —

> "When wisdom halts, I humbly try
> To make the most of folly:
> If Pallas be unwilling, I
> Prefer to flirt with Polly."

Theirs is essentially the poetry of men of the world, urbane and unruffled, untainted by anything coarse or commonplace. They are often satirical, but never ill-tempered; although they are playful, they are seldom contemptuous. The pattern for them all is the Roman Horace, the well-bred and cultivated gentleman.

Society Verse, then, must be considered as one of the products of civilized social conditions. Born of the drawing room and the club, it is fostered in a sophisticated period and can flourish only under the protection of the fashionable. These poets sing, not of wild life in the open, but of the closed and lighted reception-hall; not of battle or adventure, but of

the dance and the card-table; not of stormy passions, but of sentiment, mild flirtation, and the *nuances* of small talk. Self-control, politeness, conventionality — these are the marks of Society Verse.

No less characteristic is a pervasive humor, rarely degenerating into farce or burlesque, but subtle, and brought out by suggestion rather than by more obvious methods. No mood should be long maintained. From grave to gay, from shadow to sunbeam, the poet turns and changes, now playing momentarily with a clever idea, and then shifting into equally transitory merriment. Passion merges imperceptibly into persiflage; pathos stops short on the verge of tragedy.

In Society Verse technical skill is almost indispensable. Unable to rely for his effect on the force of any powerful emotion, the writer must trust to polished phrasing, smooth and melodious versification, and unaccustomed rhyme schemes. Felicity of diction must go

hand in hand with wit. No matter how trifling the thought, it must have a perfect setting.

The serious-minded and the irrevocably Puritanical will be inclined to dismiss these versifiers as mere triflers, and to scorn their stanzas as artificial. But poetry cannot always be concerned with mighty issues any more than architecture can be forever designing cathedrals. Many of them are frankly among the humbler poets, who are content to sit among the jesters, to wear motley even, if only they achieve perfection in their own restricted field of art. Such as these can endure the reproach of worldliness, knowing that they have at least avoided the ponderous and the dull. Others are men of lofty poetical genius, who have not disdained to spend some care-free hours experimenting in lighter vein. On the shelves of those who love them, the volumes of Society Verse are worn by much handling, and the pages open as if by instinct to the well-known lines.

In making a selection, then, from the immense body of literature available, we have given a liberal interpretation to the term "Society Verse." We have even included poems like Holmes's "The Last Leaf" and Saxe's "My Familiar," which, while placed in similar anthologies, do not, in spite of their popularity, exactly meet the requirements outlined in the preceding paragraphs. It is quite apparent that the range between such a bit of banter as Calverley's "Companions" and such an exquisitely formed lyric as Swinburne's "An Interlude" — both of which we have chosen — is very great. Hoping to make the collection representative, we have limited ourselves to no particular period or section, but have tried to cull the best, whether old or new, British or American. Nor have we hesitated to allow our own preferences to be a deciding factor, for which reason several poems not altogether conforming to even recognized standards may, perhaps, be found.

The choice, in any case, as we began by saying, will probably be entirely pleasing to no one, least of all to ourselves.

A word or two about the plan of arrangement may not be amiss. The traditional chronological or alphabetical systems seemed to have little in their favor, and the temptation to abandon both was irresistible. We have, therefore, attempted a grouping by subject-matter, a method which has its obvious weakness; but which we cannot help believing is the one best adapted to this kind of anthology. Readers who are hunting some particular poem will find no difficulty in tracing it through the indexes.

C. M. F.
H. C. S.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS
February 14, 1922

CONTENTS

Ad Chloen, M.A. *Mortimer Collins* 32
Answer to Chloe Jealous. *Matthew Prior* 52
Art above Nature. *Robert Herrick* 18
Atalanta in Camden-Town. *Lewis Carroll* 65
At the Church Gate. *William Makepeace Thackeray* 95
Avice. *Austin Dobson* 91

Bachelor's Dream, The. *Thomas Hood* 151
Ballad of Bouillabaisse, The. *William Makepeace Thackeray* 248
Ballad of Dead Ladies, A. *Justin Huntly McCarthy* 341
Ballade of the Devil-May-Care. *Gelett Burgess* 149
Because. *Edward Fitzgerald* 100
Belle of the Ball-Room, The. *Winthrop Mackworth Praed* 289

Catharina. *William Cowper* 188
Celia, To. *Sir Charles Sedley* 121
Changed. *Charles Stuart Calverley* 206
Chapter of Froissart, A. *Austin Dobson* 275
Child, To a. *Austin Dobson* 4
Child of Quality, Five Years Old, To a. *Matthew Prior* 9
Chivalry at a Discount. *Edward Fitzgerald* 295

Chloe, To. *Thomas Moore* 141
Coming Out. *Owen Seaman* 37
Companions. *Charles Stuart Calverley* 169
Conversation Galante. *T. S. Eliot* 119
Correspondents, To. *Andrew Lang* 235
Coy Mistress, To his. *Andrew Marvell* 83
Critics, To. *Walter Learned* 12
Cupid Mistaken. *Matthew Prior* 200

Da Capo. *Henry Cuyler Bunner* 142
Dialogue from Plato, A. *Austin Dobson* 88
Dictum Sapienti. *Charles Henry Webb* 111
Dirce. *Walter Savage Landor* 27
Dollie. *Samuel Minturn Peck* 19
Dolly Varden. *Francis Bret Harte* 303
Dora versus Rose. *Austin Dobson* 114
Dorothy Q. *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 325

Effects of Age, The. *Walter Savage Landor* 273
Eight-Day Clock, The. *Alfred Cochrane* 244
Epithalamium. *Edward Sandford Martin* 132

Fanny, To. *Thomas Moore* 30
Fashion. *Arthur Guiterman* 216
Fashionable Novel, A. *Thomas Haynes Bayly* 225
Female Phaeton, The. *Matthew Prior* 50
Feminine Arithmetic. *Charles Graham Halpine* 11
Five O'Clock. *David Morton* 284
Florine. *Thomas Campbell* 194
Friend and Lover. *Mary Ainge de Vere* 184

Gage d'Amour, A. *Austin Dobson* 316
Gift, The. *Oliver Goldsmith* 203
Good-Night. *Edward Fitzgerald* 179
Good-Night to the Season. *Winthrop Mackworth Praed* 41
Gray Haires, Upon his. *Robert Herrick* 14

Her Letter. *Francis Bret Harte* 208

Ianthe. *Walter Savage Landor* 25
Ideal Husband to his Wife, The. *Sam Walter Foss* 220
If. *James Jeffrey Roche* 158
Imitation. *Henry Cuyler Bunner* 82
In Explanation. *Walter Learned* 63
Insect, To an. *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 238
Intaglio Head of Minerva, On an. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 241
Interlude, An. *Algernon Charles Swinburne* 145

Jenny kiss'd me when we met. *James Henry Leigh Hunt* 15

Ladies of St. James's, The. *Austin Dobson* 58
Lady, To a. *Lord Byron* 97
Last Leaf, The. *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 264
Lesson in Mythology, A. *Eliza C. Hall* 98
Little Brother of the Rich, A. *Edward Sandford Martin* 232
Look, The. *Sara Teasdale* 187

Love. *Charles Stuart Calverley* 73
Love and Age. *Thomas Love Peacock* 286
Love in a Cottage. *Nathaniel Parker Willis* 16
Lydia Dick. *Eugene Field* 309

Mabel, To. *Edward Sandford Martin* 6
"Magdalena." *Henry Cuyler Bunner* 176
Man's Requirements, A. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* 123
Merchant, The. *Matthew Prior* 122
Minerva, To. *Thomas Hood* 224
Minnie, To. *Robert Louis Stevenson* 21
Minuet, The. *Mary Mapes Dodge* 333
Miss Creuze, To. *William Cowper* 26
Modern Belle, The. *Anonymous* 182
Mrs. Smith. *Frederick Locker-Lampson* 160
My Aunt. *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 338
My Aunt's Spectre. *Mortimer Collins* 336
My Boy. *James Whitcomb Riley* 253
My Familiar. *John Godfrey Saxe* 227
My Fancy. *Lewis Carroll* 218
My Grandmother, To. *Frederick Locker-Lampson* 329
My Mistress's Boots. *Frederick Locker-Lampson* 22
My Rival. *Rudyard Kipling* 47

Nice Correspondent, A. *Frederick Locker-Lampson* 108
No Longer Jealous. *Walter Savage Landor* 68

Oh, see how Thick the Goldcup Flowers. *A. E. Housman* 34
Old Grimes. *Albert Gorton Greene* 261
Old Letters. *Frederick Locker-Lampson* 320
Old Man to an Old Madeira, An. *Silas Weir Mitchell* 254
Old Rondo, An. *Frank Dempster Sherman* 163
On an Intaglio Head of Minerva. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 241
On the Brink. *Charles Stuart Calverley* 172
Our Ball. *Winthrop Mackworth Praed* 76
Out upon it, I have loved. *Sir John Suckling* 128

Peremptory Lover, The. *Unknown* 129
Phœbe, To. *William Schwenck Gilbert* 131
Phyllis, To. *Thomas Moore* 61
Plays. *Walter Savage Landor* 215
Please to Ring the Belle. *Thomas Hood* 213
Portrait of "A Gentleman," The. *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 258
Pot-Pourri. *Austin Dobson* 306
Prime of Life, The. *Walter Learned* 13
Proud Word you never Spoke. *Walter Savage Landor* 195

Quaker Lady, The. *Silas Weir Mitchell* 323

Rhyme for Priscilla, A. *Frank Dempster Sherman* 103
Romance of a Glove, The. *H. Saville Clarke* 313

Romaunt of the Rose, The. *Austin Dobson* 185
Rose, The. *William Cowper* 196
Rose's Birthday. *Walter Savage Landor* 72

Sapho, To. *Robert Herrick* 62
School and School Fellows. *Winthrop Mackworth Praed* 279
Senex's Soliloquy on His Youthful Idol. *Thomas Campbell* 29
Shall I, Wasting in Despair. *George Wither* 156
She is not Fair. *Franklin P. Adams* 126
"She was a Beauty." *Henry Cuyler Bunner* 299
Sigh no more, Ladies. *William Shakespeare* 165
Snowdrop. *William Wetmore Story* 64
Soli Cantare Periti Arcades. *Ernest Dowson* 117
Song. *John Donne* 201
Song of Thyrsis. *Philip Freneau* 127
Soubrette, To a. *Eugene Field* 300
Spelling Lesson, The. *Carolyn Wells* 107
Superfluous Man, The. *John Godfrey Saxe* 166

Terrible Infant, A. *Frederick Locker-Lampson* 237
Thalia. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 138
Thyrsis, Song of. *Philip Freneau* 127
Time I've lost in Wooing, The. *Thomas Moore* 198
To a Child. *Austin Dobson* 4
To a Child of Quality, Five Years Old, 1704: The Author Then Forty. *Matthew Prior* 9
To a Lady. *Lord Byron* 97

To a Soubrette. *Eugene Field* 300
To an Insect. *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 238
To Celia. *Sir Charles Sedley* 121
To Chloe. *Thomas Moore* 141
To Correspondents. *Andrew Lang* 235
To Critics. *Walter Learned* 12
To Fanny. *Thomas Moore* 30
To his Coy Mistress. *Andrew Marvell* 83
To Mabel. *Edward Sandford Martin* 6
To Minerva. *Thomas Hood* 224
To Minnie. *Robert Louis Stevenson* 21
To Miss Creuze, on her Birthday. *William Cowper* 26
To My Grandmother. *Frederick Locker-Lampson* 329
To No One in Particular. *Witter Bynner* 36
To Phœbe. *William Schwenck Gilbert* 131
To Phyllis. *Thomas Moore* 61
To Sapho. *Robert Herrick* 62
Truth. *Oliver Herford* 28

Upon a Venerable Rival. *William Cowper* 69
Upon his Gray Haires. *Robert Herrick* 14

Vanitas Vanitatum. *William Makepeace Thackeray* 343
Vanity Fair. *Frederick Locker-Lampson* 1
Venerable Rival, Upon a. *William Cowper* 69
Verse. *Walter Savage Landor* 71
Vicar. The. *William Mackworth Praed* 267

We Two learned the Lesson Together. *Rudyard Kipling* 191
What she said about it. *Charles Henry Webb* 112
When I loved You. *Thomas Moore* 164
When I was One-and-Twenty. *A. E. Housman* 193
When Love is Kind. *Thomas Moore* 136
White Flag, The. *John Hay* 86
Why don't the Men propose? *Thomas Haynes Bayly* 55
Why so Pale and Wan? *Sir John Suckling* 205
Without and Within. *James Russell Lowell* 230

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE compilers acknowledge their indebtedness to the following authors and publishers for the use of copyright poems:

The Bobbs-Merrill Company for "My Boy," from the *Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley* (copyright, 1913).

The Century Company for "An Old Man to an Old Madeira" and "The Quaker Lady," from the *Collected Poems of S. Weir Mitchell*, and for "The Minuet," by Mary Mapes Dodge.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company for "To a Child," "The Ladies of St. James's," "A Dialogue from Plato," "Avice," "Dora versus Rose," "The Romaunt of the Rose," "A Chapter of Froissart," "A Gage D'Amour," and "Pot-pourri," all by Austin Dobson; and for "Oh, See how Thick the Goldcup Flowers"

and "When I was Young-and-Twenty," from A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers for Mr. Arthur Guiterman's "Fashion," from his book *The Laughing Muse*, and for Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Ballade of Dead Ladies," from his novel *If I were King*.

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for "On An Intaglio Head of Minerva" and "Thalia," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Dolly Varden" and "Her Letter," by Francis Bret Harte; "The White Flag," by John Hay; "Dorothy Q.," "The Last Leaf," "My Aunt," "The Portrait of a Gentleman," and "To an Insect," all by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Without and Within," by James Russell Lowell; "An Old Rondo" and "A Rhyme for Priscilla," by Frank Dempster Sherman; "Snowdrop," by William Wetmore Story.

Mr. Alfred A. Knopf for T. S. Eliot's "Conversation Galante."

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company for

"The Ideal Husband to his Wife," from Sam Walter Foss's *Whiffs from Wild Meadows.*

The Macmillan Company for Sara Teasdale's "The Look," from her volume *Rivers to the Sea.*

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "Imitation," "Da Capo," "Magdalena," and "She Was a Beauty," all by Henry Cuyler Bunner; for "To Mabel," "Epithalamium," and "A Little Brother of the Rich," all by Edward Sandford Martin; and for "To a Soubrette" and "Lydia Dick," by Eugene Field.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company for "To Critics," "The Prime of Life," and "In Explanation," by Walter Learned, and for "Dollie," from Samuel Minturn Peck's *Cap and Bells* (copyright, 1886).

Mr. Franklin P. Adams for his poem "She is Not Fair."

Mr. Gelett Burgess for his "Ballade of the Devil-May-Care."

Mr. Witter Bynner for his poem "To No One in Particular," from his volume *Grenstone Poems* (Knopf).

Mr. Oliver Herford for his poem "Truth."

Mrs. Hadwin Houghton (Carolyn Wells) for her poem "The Spelling Lesson."

THE LITTLE BOOK OF SOCIETY VERSE

THE LITTLE BOOK OF SOCIETY VERSE

VANITY FAIR

"VANITAS VANITATUM" has rung in the ears
Of gentle and simple for thousands of years;
The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scare
Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

I often hear people abusing it, yet
There the young go to learn and the old to for-
get;
The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may be
glare,
But the gingerbread's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives there rolls in his chariot, but mind
Atra Cura is up with the lacqueys behind;

Joan trudges with Jack — are the Sweethearts
aware
Of the trouble that waits them in Vanity Fair?

We saw them all go, and we something may
learn
Of the harvest they reap when we see them re-
turn.
The tree was enticing; its branches are bare —
Heigho for the promise of Vanity Fair.

That stupid old Dives, once honest enough,
His honesty sold for star, ribbon, and stuff;
And Joan's pretty face has been clouded with
care
Since Jack bought her ribbons at Vanity Fair.

Contemptible Dives! Too credulous Joan!
Yet we all have a Vanity Fair of our own;
My son, you have yours, but you need not de-
spair —
I own I've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts — wise counsels are vain,
We go, we repent, we return there again;
To-night you will certainly meet with us there —
So come and be merry in Vanity Fair.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

TO A CHILD

(FROM THE "GARLAND OF RACHAEL")

How shall I sing you, Child, for whom
So many lyres are strung;
Or how the only tone assume
That fits a Maid so young?

What rocks there are on either hand!
Suppose —'t is on the cards —
You should grow up with quite a grand
Platonic hate for bards!

How shall I then be shamed, undone,
For ah! with what a scorn
Your eyes must greet that luckless One
Who rhymed you, newly born, —

Who o'er your "helpless cradle" bent
His idle verse to turn;
And twanged his tiresome instrument
Above your unconcern!

TO A CHILD

Nay, — let my words be so discreet,
  That, keeping Chance in view,
Whatever after fate you meet
  A part may still be true.

Let others wish you mere good looks, —
  Your sex is always fair;
Or to be writ in Fortune's books, —
  She's rich who has to spare:

I wish you but a heart that's kind,
  A head that's sound and clear;
(Yet let the heart be not too blind,
  The head not too severe!)

A joy of life, a frank delight;
  A not-too-large desire;
And — if you fail to find a Knight —
  At least . . . a trusty Squire.

AUSTIN DOBSON

TO MABEL

Upon this anniversar*ee*,
My little godchild, aged three,
My compliments I make to thee,
Quite heedless.
And that you'll throw them now away,
But treasure them some future day,
Are platitudes, the which to say
Is needless.

You small, stout damsel, muckle mou'd,
With cropped tow-head and manners rude,
And stormy spirit unsubdued
By nurses,
Where you were raised was it in vogue
To lisp that Tipperary brogue?
Oh, you're a subject sweet, you rogue,
For verses!

Last Sunday morning when we stayed
At home you got yourself arrayed

In Lyman's clothes and turned from maid
To urchin.
And when we all laughed at you so,
You eyed outside the falling snow,
And thought your rig quite fit to go
To church in.

Play on, play on, dear little lass!
Play on till sixteen summers pass,
And then I'll bring a looking-glass,
And there be-
Fore you on your lips I'll show
The curves of small Dan Cupid's bow,
And then the crop that now is "tow"
Shall "fair" be.

And then I'll show you, too, the charms
Of small firm hands and rounded arms,
And eyes whose flashes send alarms
Right through you;
And then a half-regretful sigh
May break from me to think that I,

At forty years, can never try,
To woo you.

What shall I wish you? Free from ruth,
To live and learn in love and truth,
Through childhood's day and days of youth,
And school's day.
For all the days that intervene
'Twixt Mab at three and at nineteen,
Are but one sombre or serene
All Fool's Day.

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY, FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704: THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY

Loves, knights and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

Not quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms' beds
With all the tender things I swear;

Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too alas! when she shall tear
The rhymes some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'T is so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

MATTHEW PRIOR

FEMININE ARITHMETIC

LAURA

On me he shall ne'er put a ring,
So, mamma, 't is vain to take trouble —
For I was but eighteen in spring,
While his age exactly is double.

MAMMA

He's but in his thirty-sixth year,
Tall, handsome, good-natured and witty,
And should you refuse him, my dear,
May you die an old maid without pity!

LAURA

His figure, I grant you, will pass,
And at present he 's young enough plenty;
But when I am sixty, alas!
Will not he be a hundred and twenty?

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE

TO CRITICS

When I was seventeen I heard
From each censorious tongue,
"I'd not do that if I were you;
You see you're rather young."

Now that I number forty years,
I'm quite as often told
Of this or that I should n't do
Because I'm quite too old.

O carping world! If there's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal poise, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep.

Walter Learned

THE PRIME OF LIFE

Just as I thought I was growing old,
  Ready to sit in my easy-chair,
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,
  And smile at a folly I would not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,
  And I am thinking that forty year
Is n't the age that it seems to be,
  When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me! of life it is just the prime,
  A fact that I hope she will understand;
And forty year is a perfect rhyme
  To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see —
  Boys are sometimes gray, I am told:
Rose came by with a smile for me,
  Just as I thought I was getting old.

Walter Learned

UPON HIS GRAY HAIRES

Fly me not, though I be gray,
Lady, this I know you'll say;
Better look the Roses red,
When with white commingled.
Black your haires are; mine are white;
This begets the more delight,
When things meet most opposite:
As in Pictures we descry,
Venus standing *Vulcan* by.

Robert Herrick

JENNY KISS'D ME WHEN WE MET

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have miss'd
me;
Say I'm growing old, but add —
Jenny kiss'd me!

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine —
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier —
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
  Your vine is a nest for flies —
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
  And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
  And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the
      morning
  Is shod like a mountaineer.,

True love is at home on a carpet,
  And mightily likes his ease —
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
  And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
  His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel
  And shot from a silver string.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

ART ABOVE NATURE

TO JULIA

When I behold a Forrest spread
With silken trees upon thy head;
And when I see that other Dresse
Of flowers set in comlinesse:
When I behold another grace
In the ascent of curious Lace,
Which like a Pinacle doth shew
The top, and the top-gallant too.
Then, when I see thy Tresses bound
Into an Ovall, square, or round;
And knit in knots far more than I
Can tell by tongue; or true-love tie:
Next, when those Lawnie Filmes I see
Play with a wild civility:
And all those airie silks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting so:
I must confesse, mine eye and heart
Dotes less on Nature, than on Art.

Robert Herrick

DOLLIE

She sports a witching gown
With a ruffle up and down,
On the skirt:
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye,
She's a flirt!

She displays a tiny glove,
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe;
And she wears her hat a-tilt
Over bangs that never wilt
In the dew.

'T is rumoured chocolate creams
Are the fabrics of her dreams —
But enough!

I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
Past belief:
They hint that she's a cat,
And delightful things like that
In her grief.

It is shocking, I declare,
But what does Dollie care
When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet
Like the bees around a sweet
Little rose!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

TO MINNIE

(WITH A HAND-GLASS)

A PICTURE-FRAME for you to fill,
  A paltry setting for your face,
A thing that has no worth until
  You lend it something of your grace.

I send (unhappy I that sing
  Laid by awhile upon the shelf)
Because I would not send a thing
  Less charming than you are yourself.

And happier than I, alas!
  (Dumb thing; I envy its delight)
'T will wish you well, the looking-glass,
  (And look you in the face to-night).

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS

She has dancing eyes and ruby lips
Delightful boots — and away she skips.

THEY nearly strike me dumb, —
I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat:
This palpitation means
These boots are Geraldine's —
Think of that!

O where did hunter win
So delicate a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perish'd, so you did,
For my sweet.

The faery stitching gleams
On the sides, and in the seams,
As it shows

The Pixies were the wags
Who tipt these funny tags,
And these toes.

What soles to charm an elf!
Had Crusoe, sick of self,
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
O, how hard he would have tried
For the two!

For Gerry's debonair,
And innocent, and fair
As a rose;
She's an angel in a frock,
With a fascinating cock
To her nose.

The simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities to please
Mandarins,

Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*
To Geraldine's were frights:
And I trow,
The damsel, deftly shod,
Has dutifully trod
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty Puss (in Boots)
These to don,
Set this dainty hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

IANTHE

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

Walter Savage Landor

TO MISS CREUZE, ON HER BIRTHDAY

How many between east and west
  Disgrace their parent earth,
Whose deeds constrain us to detest
  The day that gave them birth!

Not so when Stella's natal morn
  Revolving months restore,
We can rejoice that she was born,
  And wish her born once more!

WILLIAM COWPER

DIRCE

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat convey'd!
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old and she a shade.

Walter Savage Landor

TRUTH

Permit me, Madame, to declare
That I never will compare
Eyes of yours to starlight cold,
Or your locks to sunlight's gold,
Or your lips, I'd have you know,
To the crimson Jacqueminot.

Stuff like that's all very fine
When you get so much a line;
Since I don't, I scorn to tell
Flattering lies. I like too well
Sun and stars and Jacqueminot
To flatter them, I'd have you know.

Oliver Herford

SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL IDOL

Platonic friendship, at your years,
Says Conscience, should content ye:
Nay, name not fondness to her ears —
The darling's scarcely twenty.

Yes; and she'll loathe me, unforgiven,
To dote thus out of season;
But beauty is a beam from heaven
That dazzles blind our reason.

I'll challenge Plato from the skies,
Yes, from his spheres harmonic,
To look in Mary Campbell's eyes
And try to be Platonic.

Thomas Campbell

TO FANNY

Never mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp;
The lip, that such fragrance discloses,
Oh! never should smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the Loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemned but to read of enjoyments,
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books —
Oh, Fanny! they're pitiful sages;
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eyes
Better light than she studies above,

And Music must borrow your sighs
As the melody fittest for Love.

In Ethics —'t is you that can check,
In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;
Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
And 't will soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endeavor;
But eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me forever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you, —
A course of more exquisite science
Man need never wish to pursue.

And, oh! — if a Fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

THOMAS MOORE

AD CHLOEN, M.A.

(FRESH FROM HER CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION)

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your hose;
And your brow is like the snow,
And the various things you know
Goodness knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek.
And your Algebra and Greek
Perfect are;
And that loving lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.

You have pouting piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate;

But for your cærulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
Then some day
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra.

MORTIMER COLLINS

OH, SEE HOW THICK THE GOLDCUP FLOWERS

Oh, see how thick the goldcup flowers
  Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
  That never are told again.
Oh, may I squire you round the meads
  And pick you posies gay?
— 'T will do no harm to take my arm.
  "You may, young man, you may."

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
  'T is now the blood runs gold,
And man and maid had best be glad
  Before the world is old.
What flowers to-day may flower to-morrow,
  But never as good as new.
— Suppose I wound my arm right round —
  "'T is true, young man, 't is true."

Some lads there are, 't is shame to say,
That only court to thieve,
And once they bear the bloom away
'T is little enough they leave.
Then keep your heart for men like me
And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true and all for you.
"Perhaps, young man, perhaps."

Oh, look in my eyes then, can you doubt?
— Why, 't is a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
We might as well sit down.
— Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty, —
"Good-bye, young man, good-bye."

A. E. Housman

TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR

Locate your love, you lose your love;
  Find her, you look away . . .
Though mine I never quite discern,
  I trace her every day.

She has a thousand presences,
  As surely seen and heard
As birds that hide behind a leaf
  Or leaves that hide a bird.

Single your love, you lose your love,
  You cloak her face with clay;
Now mine I never quite discern —
  And never look away.

Witter Bynner

COMING OUT

Just a week more of waiting, a week and a day,
And the night of delight will be here;
So ply me your very best pinions, I pray,
Wednesday, dear!

We've considered the question, and find that I must
Have arrived (beyond rational doubt)
"Unto years of discretion," and that's why I'm just
Coming out.

So we're giving a dance, to establish the fact
That I'm one with the World and his Wife;
And may join, if I choose, in the popular game
Known as Life.

Yes, we're giving a dance — on an excellent floor —
To announce that I 've come on the scene,

And that men for the future must say nothing
more
Than they mean.

And the dress I'm to wear is a wonder of white,
Suggesting a fugitive dove;
And, I'm happy to say, it embraces me quite
Like a glove.

And the household will come and inspect my
array,
While I try to look careless and bland,
Like a hair-dresser's doll pirouetting away
On a stand.

And I fancy a bouquet in quite the best style
From a gallant anonymous swain,
Whose ingenuous blushes will render his guile
Very vain.

And I dream of the partners that jump and
that jig,
And the couples that charge and chase;

And the men who convey you about like a big
Double-bass.

And the fun is to last from a fit time for
bed,
All the lovely night through up to five;
Till the danc'd and the dancers are rather more
dead
Than alive.

Then follows discussion, when every one
goes,
Of the dresses and who wore what;
Of the men who were perfect to dance with,
and those
Who were not.

And at last and alone I shall probably scan
My programme and gravely reflect
That I've danced with one partner more fre-
quently than
Was correct.

And the whole to conclude about noon the next
day
With a stiffness and something of pique,
To think that one cannot come out in this way
Once a week.

And the moral? — oh, bubbles will burst at a
touch,
And I sha'n't be a child any more;
Only sadder and wiser by ever so much
Than before.

OWEN SEAMAN

GOOD-NIGHT TO THE SEASON

So runs the world away. — Hamlet.

Good-night to the Season! 'T is over!
Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered like swallows away:
There's nobody left to invite one
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My patron is sailing at Cowes:
For want of a better employment,
Till Ponto and Don can get out,
I'll cultivate rural enjoyment,
And angle immensely for trout.

Good-night to the Season! — the lobbies,
Their changes, and rumours of change,
Which startled the rustic Sir Bobbies,
And made all the Bishops look strange;
The breaches, and battles, and blunders,
Performed by the Commons and Peers;

The Marquis's eloquent thunders,
The Baronet's eloquent cars;
Denouncings of Papists and treasons,
Of foreign dominion and oats;
Misrepresentations of reasons,
And misunderstandings of notes.

Good-night to the Season! — the buildings
Enough to make Inigo sick;
The paintings, and plasterings, and gildings
Of stucco, and marble, and brick;
The orders deliciously blended,
From love of effect, into one;
The club-houses only intended,
The palaces only begun;
The hell, where the fiend in his glory
Sits staring at putty and stones,
And scrambles from story to story,
To rattle at midnight his bones.

Good-night to the Season! — the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,

The glancings of rapturous glances,
  The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
  The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at Beauties,
  The tedium of talking to mutes;
The female diplomatists, planners
  Of matches for Laura and Jane;
The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
  The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

Good-night to the Season! — the rages
  Led off by the chiefs of the throng,
The Lady Matilda's new pages,
  The Lady Eliza's new song;
Miss Fennel's macaw, which at Boodle's
  Was held to have something to say;
Mrs. Splenetic's musical poodles,
  Which bark "*Batti Batti*" all day;
The pony Sir Araby sported,
  As hot and as black as a coal,

And the Lion his mother imported,
In bearskins and grease, from the Pole.

Good-night to the Season! — the Toso,
So very majestic and tall;
Miss Ayton, whose singing was so-so,
And Pasta, divinest of all;
The labour in vain of the ballet,
So sadly deficient in stars;
The foreigners thronging the Alley,
Exhaling the breath of cigars;
The *loge* where some heiress (how killing!)
Environed with exquisites sits,
The lovely one out of her drilling,
The silly ones out of their wits.

Good-night to the Season! — the splendour
That beamed in the Spanish Bazaar;
Where I purchased — my heart was so tender —
A card-case, a pasteboard guitar,
A bottle of perfume, a girdle,
A lithographed Riego, full-grown,

Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle
That artists might draw him on stone;
A small panorama of Seville,
A trap for demolishing flies,
A caricature of the Devil,
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good-night to the Season! — the flowers
Of the grand horticultural fête,
When boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
And the fashion was — not to be late;
When all who had money and leisure
Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
All hungrily pining for pines,
And making of beautiful speeches,
And marring of beautiful shows,
And feeding on delicate peaches,
And treading on delicate toes.

Good-night to the Season! — Another
Will come, with its trifles and toys,

And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, and odour, and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
Or fonder of wrong or of right,
Or married — or buried? — no matter:
Good-night to the Season — good-night!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

MY RIVAL

I go to concert, party, ball —
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall,
And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before Her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,
My colour comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose;
But She is white where white should be
And red where red should shine —
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek:
I wish that I could sing

All sorts of funny little songs,
Not quite the proper thing.
I'm very gauche and very shy;
Her jokes are n't in my line;
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen,
While she is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,
Each pink and white and neat,
She's older than their mothers, but
They grovel at Her feet;
They walk beside Her '*rickshaw* wheels —
They never walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men
(She calls them "boys" and "mashers");
I trot along the Mall alone.
My prettiest frocks and sashes
Don't help to fill my programme-card,
And vainly I repine

From 10 to 2 A.M. Ah me!
Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and
"dear,"
And "sweet retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know;
She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men,
"Cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen,
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow
And end Her dancing days;
She can't go on forever so
At concerts, balls, and plays!
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine:
Just think that she'll be eighty-one
When I am forty-nine.

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE FEMALE PHAETON

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from which she sprung,
With little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordained,
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

"Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails, forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

"Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

"What has she better, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

"Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my Earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

"I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loosed before:
She, I was loosed at all!"

Fondness prevail'd, — mamma gave way:
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

MATTHEW PRIOR

ANSWER TO CHLOE JEALOUS

Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and, as old Falstaff says,
Let us e'er talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy;
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion, you wrong:

You take that for fact, which will scarce be
found wit;
Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a
song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write,
shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and
art:
I court others in verse — but I love thee in
prose;
And they have my whimsies — but thou
hast my heart.

The God of us verse-men (you know, child)
the Sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er Earth 't is his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis' breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day;
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:

No matter what beauties I saw in my way:
  They were but visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war;
  And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
  As he was a poet sublimer than me.

MATTHEW PRIOR

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE

Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why *don't* the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That everybody knows;
You *fête* the finest men in town,
Yet, oh! they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch;
I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,
Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing
And dressing like a blue;

I've bought big books, and talk'd of them
As *if* I'd read them through!
With hair cropped like a man, I've felt
The heads of all the beaux;
But Spurzheim could not touch their *hearts*,
And, oh! they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought
That ignorance was bliss;
I felt convinced that men preferr'd
A simple sort of Miss;
And so I lisped out naught beyond
Plain "Yeses" or plain "noes,"
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile;
Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again!"
I started, turning pale;
I really thought my time was come,
I blushed like any rose;

But, oh! I found 't was only at
Ecarté he'd *propose!*

And what is to be done, mamma?
Oh! what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose,
For I am thirty-one:
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows;
Why won't the men propose, mamma?
Why *won't* the men propose?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN

"*Phyllida amo ante alias.*" — VIRGIL

THE ladies of St. James's
Go swinging to the play:
Their footmen run before them,
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre*
With candles all of wax.
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her colour comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily, —
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!
You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
Their phrases are so grand:

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops
  The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's!
  They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you — for seconds,
  They frown on you — for weeks;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
  Is always true — and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
  I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
  And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
  Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida — for Phyllida
  Is all the world to me!

AUSTIN DOBSON

TO PHYLLIS

Phyllis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle:
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a *trifle!*

Thomas Moore

TO SAPHO

Thou saist thou lov'st me, *Sapho;* I say no;
But would to Love I could beleeve 'twas so!
Pardon my feares (sweet *Sapho*) I desire
That thou be righteous found; and I the Lyer.

Robert Herrick

IN EXPLANATION

Her lips were so near
  That — what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear.
But her lips were so near —
Well, I can't make it clear,
  Or explain it to you.
But — her lips were so near
  That — what else could I do?

Walter Learned

SNOWDROP

When, full of warm and eager love,
I clasp you in my fond embrace,
You gently push me back and say,
"Take care, my dear, you'll spoil my lace."

You kiss me just as you would kiss
Some woman friend you chanced to see;
You call me "dearest." — All love's forms
Are yours, not its reality.

Oh, Annie! cry, and storm, and rave!
Do anything with passion in it!
Hate me an hour, and then turn round
And love me truly, just one minute.

William Wetmore Story

ATALANTA IN CAMDEN-TOWN

Ay, 't was here, on this spot,
In that summer of yore,
Atalanta did not
Vote my presence a bore,
Nor reply, to my tenderest talk, "She had heard all that nonsense before."

She'd the brooch I had bought
And the necklace and sash on,
And her heart, as I thought,
Was alive to my passion;
And she'd done up her hair in the style that the Empress had brought into fashion.

I had been to the play
With my pearl of a Peri —
But, for all I could say,
She declared she was weary,
That "the place was so crowded and hot, and she could n't abide that Dundreary."

Then I thought, "'T is for me
That she whines and she whimpers!'
And it soothed me to see
Those sensational simpers,
And I said, "This is scrumptious!" — a phrase
I had learned from the Devonshire shrimpers.

And I vowed, "'T will be said
I'm a fortunate fellow
When the breakfast is spread,
When the topers are mellow,
When the foam of the bride-cake is white,
and the fierce orange blossoms are yellow!"

Oh, that languishing yawn!
Oh, those eloquent eyes!
I was drunk with the dawn
Of a splendid surmise —
I was stung by a look, I was slain by a tear, by a tempest of sighs.

And I whispered, "'T is time!
Is not love at its deepest!
Shall we squander life's prime,
While thou waitest and weepest?
Let us settle it, license or banns? — though
undoubtedly banns are the cheapest."

"Ah, my Hero," said I,
"Let me be thy Leander!"
But I lost her reply —
Something ending with "gander" —
For the omnibus rattled so loud that no mortal
could quite understand her.

LEWIS CARROLL

NO LONGER JEALOUS

I REMEMBER the time ere his temples were grey,
And I frowned at the things he'd the boldness
to say,
But now he's grown old, he may say what he
will,
I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.

Indeed I must say he's a little improved,
For he watches no longer the "slily beloved,"
No longer as once he awakens my fears,
Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he
hears.

If he heard one of late, it has never transpired,
For his only delight is to see me admired;
And now pray what better return can I make,
Than to flirt and be always admired — for his
sake?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

UPON A VENERABLE RIVAL

Full thirty frosts since thou wert young
Have chill'd the wither'd grove,
Thou wretch! and hast thou lived so long
Nor yet forgot to love!

Ye Sages! spite of your pretences
To wisdom, you must own
Your folly frequently commences
When you acknowledge none.

Not that I deem it weak to love,
Or folly to admire;
But, ah! the pangs we lovers prove
Far other years require.

Unheeded on the youthful brow
The beams of Phœbus play;
But unsupported Age stoops low
Beneath the sultry ray.

For once, then, if untutor'd youth,
  Youth unapproved by years,
May chance to deviate into truth,
  When your experience errs;

For once attempt not to despise
  What I esteem a rule:
Who early loves, though young, is
      wise, —
  Who old, though gray, a fool.

WILLIAM COWPER

VERSE

Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; 't is verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
These many summers you and me.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

ROSE'S BIRTHDAY

Tell me, perverse young year!
Why is the morn so drear?
  Is there no flower to twine?
Away, thou churl, away!
'T is Rose's natal day,
    Reserve thy frowns for mine.

Walter Savage Landor

LOVE

Canst thou love me, lady?
I've not learn'd to woo:
Thou art on the shady
Side of sixty too.
Still I love thee dearly!
Thou hast lands and pelf:
But I love thee merely,
Merely for thyself.

Will you love me, fairest?
Though thou art not fair;
And I think thou wearest
Someone-else's hair.
Thou could'st love, though, dearly:
And, as I am told,
Thou art very nearly
Worth thy weight in gold.

Dost thou love me, sweet one?
Tell me that thou dost!

Women fairly beat one,
  But I think thou must.
Thou art loved so dearly:
  I am plain, but then
Thou (to speak sincerely)
  Art as plain again.

Love me, bashful fairy!
  I've an empty purse:
And I've "moods," which vary;
  Mostly for the worst.
Still I love thee dearly:
  Though I make (I feel)
Love a little queerly,
  I'm as true as steel.

Love me, swear to love me
  (As, you know, they do)
By yon heaven above me
  And its changeless blue.
Love me, lady, dearly,
  If you'll be so good;

Though I don't see clearly
  On what ground you should.

Love me — ah! or love me
  Not, but be my bride!
Do not simply shove me
  (So to speak) aside!
P'raps it would be dearly
  Purchased at the price;
But a hundred yearly
  Would be very nice.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

OUR BALL

Comment! c'est lui? que je le regarde encore! C'est que vraiment il est bien changé; n'est-ce pas, mon papa? — Les Premiers Amours.

You 'll come to our Ball; — since we parted,
I've thought of you more than I'll say;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since it's over,
'T were idle, or worse, to recall;
I know you're a terrible rover;
But Clarence, you'll come to our Ball!

It's only a year, since, at College,
You put on your cap and your gown;

But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown:
The voice that was best when it faltered
Is fuller and firmer in tone,
And the smile that should never have altered —
Dear Clarence — it is not your own:
Your cravat was badly selected;
Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
You must have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with pup;
I've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up:
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
I've ridden the filly you broke;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favourite oak:
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl;

And I'll wear what you brought me from
Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you
vanished;
We've set up a National School;
And waltzing is utterly banished,
And Ellen has married a fool;
The Major is going to travel,
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout,
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel,
Papa is laid up with the gout;
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;
And Fanny is sick with the measles, —
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties; the Lily,
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm;

Miss Manners, who always abused you
For talking so much about Hock,
And her sister, who often amused you
By raving of rebels and Rock;
And something which surely would answer,
An heiress quite fresh from Bengal;
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the World! from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth:
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth;
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees:
Time treads o'er the graves of affection;
Sweet honey is turned into gall;
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball!

You once could be pleased with our ballads, —
To-day you have critical ears;
You once could be charmed with our salads —
Alas! you've been dining with Peers;
You trifled and flirted with many, —
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was one you liked better than any, —
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song:
They tell me — and what does it matter? —
You like to be praised by the throng:
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel:
They tell me you're loved by a Blue:
They tell me you're sadly immoral —
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true!

But to me, you are still what I found you,
Before you grew clever and tall;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you;
And you'll come — won't you come? — to our Ball!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

IMITATION

My love she leans from the window
  Afar in a rosy land;
And red as a rose are her blushes,
  And white as a rose her hand.

And the roses cluster around her,
  And mimic her tender grace;
And nothing but roses can blossom
  Wherever she shows her face.

I dwell in a land of winter,
  From my love a world apart —
But the snow blooms over with roses
  At the thought of her in my heart.

. . . . . .

This German style of poem
  Is uncommonly popular now;
For the worst of us poets can do it —
  Since Heine showed us how.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For lady, you deserve this state,

Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity,
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
Thy long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-shapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all

Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Through the iron gates of life;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

ANDREW MARVELL

THE WHITE FLAG

I SENT my love two roses, — one
  As white as driven snow,
And one a blushing royal red,
  A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my fate;
  That night I should divine,
The moment I should see my love,
  If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
  She'll wear my blushing rose;
If not, she'll wear my cold Lamarque,
  As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her: sure
  I had been overbold,
For on her breast my pale rose lay
  In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,
With smiles divinely tender;
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned, —
The white rose meant surrender.

JOHN HAY

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO

"Les temps le mieux employe est celui qu'on perd." —
CLAUDE TILLIER

I'd read three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming.

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book, — a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am — and you?"
"O, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him — do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too, —
That wisdom thus should harden!)

Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a *Dolly Varden*.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mistranslated."

"But hear, — the next's in stronger style:
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more — "My book, I find,
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concoctors."

Then I — "Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
DIANA'S apparition.' "

She blushed — this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham-beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he too is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a-walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential —
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

AUSTIN DOBSON

AVICE

Though the voice of modern schools
Has demurred,
By the dreamy Asian creed
'T is averred,
That the souls of men, released
From their bodies when deceased,
Sometimes enter in a beast, —
Or a bird.

I have watched you long, Avice, —
Watched you so,
I have found your secret out;
And I know
That the restless ribboned things,
Where your slope of shoulder springs,
Are but undeveloped wings
That will grow.

When you enter in a room,
It is stirred
With the wayward, flashing flight
Of a bird;

And you speak — and bring with you
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,
And the wind-breath and the dew,
At a word.

When you called to me my name,
Then again
When I heard your single cry
In the lane,
All the sound was as the "sweet"
Which the birds to birds repeat
In their thank-song to the heat
After rain.

When you sang the *Schwalbenlied*,
'T was absurd, —
But it seemed no human note
That I heard;
For your strain had all the trills,
All the little shakes and stills,
Of the over-song that rills
From a bird.

You have just their eager, quick
"*Airs de tête*,"
All their flush and fever-heat
When elate;
Every bird-like nod and beck,
And a bird's own curve of neck
When she gives a little peck
To her mate.

When you left me, only now,
In that furred,
Puffed, and feathered Polish dress,
I was spurred
Just to catch you, O my sweet,
By the bodice trim and neat, —
Just to feel your heart abeat,
Like a bird.

Yet, alas! Love's light you deign
But to wear
As the dew upon your plumes,
And you care

Not a whit for rest or hush;
But the leaves, the lyric gush,
And the wing-power, and the rush
Of the air.

So I dare not woo you, Sweet,
For a day,
Lest I lose you in a flash,
As I may;
Did I tell you tender things,
You would shake your sudden wings; —
You would start from him who sings,
And away.

AUSTIN DOBSON

AT THE CHURCH GATE

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
  Ofttimes I hover:
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait
  Expectant of her.

The Minster bells ring out
Above the city's rout,
  And noise and humming:
They've hushed the Minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
  She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
  And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes — she's here — she's
    past —
  May Heaven go with her!

AT THE CHURCH GATE

Kneel, undisturbed, fair Saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
  Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your poor prayer
  With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
  Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
  Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

TO A LADY

When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there.

Lord Byron

A LESSON IN MYTHOLOGY

I READ to her, one summer day,
  A little mythologic story
About the maid who laughed at love,
  And ran a race for love and glory.

I closed the book. She raised her eyes
  And hushed the song she had been
    humming;
Glancing across the shady lawn,
  I saw my wealthy rival coming.

"These ancient tales," I gravely said,
  "With meaning wise are often laden;
And Atalanta well may stand
  As type of many a modern maiden.

"Minus, of course, the classic scandal,
  But with no less of nimble grace,
How many dainty slippered feet
  Are running now that self-same race!

"And when Hippomenes casts down
His golden apples, is there ever
A chance for Love to reach the goal?"
With saucy smile, she answered, "Never."

I rose to go — she took my hand
(O, Fate, you ne'er that clasp can sever!)
And, "Stay," she said, with sudden blush, —
"You *know* that I meant — '*hardly* ever.'"

ELIZA C. HALL

BECAUSE

Sweet Nea! for your lovely sake
I weave these rambling numbers,
Because I've lain an hour awake,
And can't compose my slumbers.
Because your beauty's gentle light
Is round my pillow beaming,
And flings, I know not why, to-night,
Some witchery o'er my dreaming.

Because we've pass'd some joyous days,
And danced some merry dances;
Because we love old Beaumont's plays,
And old Froissart's romances!
Because whene'er I hear your words
Some pleasant feeling lingers;
Because I think your heart has cords
That vibrate to your fingers.

Because you've got those long, soft curls,
I've sworn should deck my goddess;

Because you're not, like other girls,
All bustle, blush, and bodice;
Because your eyes are deep and blue,
Your fingers long and rosy;
Because a little child and you
Would make one's home so cosy.

Because your tiny little nose
Turns up so pert and funny;
Because I know you choose your beaux
More for their mirth than money;
Because I think you'd rather twirl
A waltz, — with me to guide you,
Than talk small nonsense with an earl,
And a coronet beside you.

Because you don't object to walk,
And are not given to fainting;
Because you have not learnt to talk
Of flowers and Poonah-painting;
Because I think you'd scarce refuse
To sew one on a button;

BECAUSE

Because I know you'd sometimes choose
To dine on simple mutton

Because I think I'm just so weak
As, some of those fine morrows,
To ask you if you'll let me speak
My story — and *my* sorrows;
Because the rest's a simple thing,
A matter quickly over,
A church — a priest — a sigh — a ring —
And a chaise and four to Dover.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

A RHYME FOR PRISCILLA

Dear Priscilla, quaint and very
  Like a modern Puritan,
Is a modest, literary,
  Merry young American:
Horace she has read, and Bion
  Is her favorite in Greek;
Shakespeare is a mighty lion
  In whose den she dares but peek;
Him she leaves to some sage Daniel,
  Since of Lions she's afraid,—
She prefers a playful spaniel,
  Such as Herrick or as Praed;
And it's not a bit satiric
  To confess her fancy goes
From the epic to a lyric
  On a rose.

Wise Priscilla, dilettante,
  With a sentimental mind,

Does n't deign to dip in Dante,
And to Milton is n't kind;
L'Allegro, Il Penseroso
Have some merits she will grant,
All the rest is only so-so, —
Enter Paradise she can't!
She might make a charming angel
(And she will if she is good),
But it's doubtful if the change'll
Make the Epic understood:
Honey-suckling, like a bee she
Goes and pillages his sweets,
And it's plain enough to see she
Worships Keats.

Gay Priscilla, — just the person
For the Locker whom she loves;
What a captivating verse on
Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves
He could write in catching measure,
Setting all the heart astir!

And to Aldrich what a pleasure
It would be to sing of her, —
He, whose perfect songs have won her
Lips to quote them day by day.
She repeats the rhymes of Bunner
In a fascinating way,
And you'll often find her lost in —
She has reveries at times —
Some delightful one of Austin
Dobson's rhymes.

O Priscilla, sweet Priscilla,
Writing of you makes me think,
As I burn my brown Manila
And immortalize my ink,
How well satisfied these poets
Ought to be with what they do
When, especially, they know it's
Read by such a girl as you:
I who sing of you would marry
Just the kind of girl you are,—

One who does n't care to carry
  Her poetic taste too far, —
One whose fancy is a bright one,
  Who is fond of poems fine,
And appreciates a light one
  Such as mine.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

THE SPELLING LESSON

When Venus said: "Spell no for me,"
"N-O," Dan Cupid wrote with glee,
And smiled at his success;
"Ah, child," said Venus, laughing low,
"We women do not spell it so,
We spell it Y-E-S."

Carolyn Wells

A *NICE* CORRESPONDENT

An angel at noon, she 's a woman at night,
All softness, and sweetness, and love, and delight.

THE glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness, for evening is come;
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
I'm alone at my casement, for *Pappy*
Is summoned to dinner to Kew:
I'm alone, dearest Fred, but I'm happy —
I'm thinking of you.

I wish you were here! Were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;
I am drest in your favorite colour —
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
I'm wearing my lazuli necklace,
The necklace you fasten'd askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you?

I want you to come and pass sentence
On two or three books with a plot;
Of course you know "Janet's Repentance"?
I'm reading Sir *Waverley* Scott,
The story of Edgar and Lucy,
How thrilling, romantic, and true!
The Master (his bride was a *goosey!*)
Reminds me of you.

They tell me Cockaigne has been crowning
A poet whose garland endures;
It was you who first spouted me Browning, —
That stupid old Browning of yours!
His vogue and his verve are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due,
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you!

I know how you shot at the Beeches,
I saw how you rode *Chanticleer*,
I have heard the report of your speeches,
And echo'd the echoing cheer.

There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
Dear Fred, I believe it, I do!
Small marvel that Fashion is making
Her idol of you.

Alas for the world, and its dearly
Bought triumph, its fugitive bliss;
Sometimes I half wish I were merely
A plain or a penniless miss;
But, perhaps, one is best "with a measure
Of pelf," and I'm not sorry, too,
That I'm pretty, because 't is a pleasure,
My darling, to you!

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art; —
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart:
Lay it by in a dainty deposit
For relics — we all have a few!
Love, some day they'll print it, because it
Was written to you.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

DICTUM SAPIENTI

That 't is well to be off with the old love
  Before one is on with the new
Has somehow passed into a proverb —
  But I never have found it true.

No love can be quite like the old love,
  Whate'er may be said for the new —
And if you dismiss me, my darling,
  You may come to this thinking, too.

Were the proverb not wiser if mended,
  And the fickle and wavering told
To be sure they're on with the new love
  Before they are off with the old?

Charles Henry Webb

WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT IT

Lyrics to Ines and Jane,
  Dolores and Ethel and May;
Señoritas distant as Spain,
  And damsels just over the way!

It is not that I'm jealous, not that,
  Of either Dolores and Jane,
Of some girl in an opposite flat,
  Or in one of his castles in Spain.

But it is that salable prose
  Put aside for this profitless strain,
I sit the day darning his hose —
  And he sings of Dolores and Jane.

Though the winged-horse must caracole free —
  With the pretty, when "spurning the plain,"

Should the team-work fall wholly on me
While he soars with Dolores and Jane?

I am neither Dolores nor Jane,
But to lighten a little my life
Might the poet not spare me a strain —
Although I am only his wife!

CHARLES HENRY WEBB

DORA VERSUS ROSE

"THE CASE IS PROCEEDING"

From the tragic-est novels at Mudie's —
At least, on a practical plan —
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
One love is enough for a man.
But no case that I ever yet met is
Like mine: I am equally fond
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers —
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints —
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers;
Miss Do., perpendicular saints.
In short, to distinguish is folly;
'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass
Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly. —
Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled
For a soft celebration in rhyme,

Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled
  Somehow with the tune and the time;
Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
  To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,
And behold I am writing upon it
    The legend "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
  Is all overscrawled with her head),
If I fancy at last that I've got her,
  It turns to her rival instead;
Or if I find myself placidly adding
  To the rapturous tresses of Rose
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
    Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma?
  For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*);
For Dora I'd willingly stem a —
  (Whatever might offer to stem);
But to make the invidious election, —
  To declare that on either one's side

I've a scruple, — a grain, more affection,
I *cannot* decide.

And, as either so hopelessly nice is,
My sole and my final resource
Is to wait some indefinite crisis, —
Some feat of molecular force,
To solve me this riddle conducive
By no means to peace or repose,
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
Of Dora *and* Rose.

(AFTERTHOUGHT)

But perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
Not quite so delightful as Rose, —
Not wholly so charming as Dora, —
Should appear, is it wrong to suppose, —
As the claims of the others are equal, —
And flight — in the main — is the best, —
That I might. . . . But no matter — the sequel
Is easily guessed.

AUSTIN DOBSON

SOLI CANTARE PERITI ARCADES

Oh, I would live in a dairy,
And it 's Colin I would be,
And many a rustic fairy
Should churn the milk with me.

Or the fields should be my pleasure,
And my flocks should follow me,
Piping a frolic measure
For Joan or Marjorie.

For the town is black and weary,
And I hate the London street;
But the country ways are cheery,
And country lanes are sweet.

Good luck to you, Paris ladies!
Ye are over fine and nice,
I know where the country maid is,
Who needs not asking twice.

Ye are brave in your silks and satins,
  As ye mince about the Town;
But her feet go free in pattens,
  If she wear a russet gown.

If she be not queen or goddess
  She shall milk my brown-eyed herds,
And the breasts beneath her bodice
  Are whiter than her curds.

So I will live in a dairy,
  And it's Colin I will be,
And it's Joan that I will marry,
  Or, haply, Marjorie.

ERNEST DOWSON

CONVERSATION GALANTE

I OBSERVE: "Our sentimental friend the moon!
Or possibly (fantastic, I confess)
It may be Prester John's balloon
Or an old battered lantern hung aloft
To light poor travellers to their distress."
She then: "How you digress!"

And I then: "Some one frames upon the keys
That exquisite nocturne, with which we ex-
plain
The night and moonshine; music which we
seize
To body forth our vacuity."
She then: "Does this refer to me?"
"Oh, no, it is I who am insane."

"You, madam, are the eternal humorist,
The eternal enemy of the absolute,

Giving our vagrant moods the slightest twist!
With your aid indifferent and imperious
At a stroke our mad poetics to confute —"
And — "Are we then so serious?"

T. S. Eliot

TO CELIA

Not, Celia, that I juster am
  Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
  Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
  By every thought I have:
Thy face I only care to see,
  Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
  In thy dear self I find —
For the whole sex can but afford
  The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
  And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
  'T is easy to be true.

Sir Charles Sedley

THE MERCHANT

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But whilst my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I sung and gazed: I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

Matthew Prior

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
In its frank surrender,
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest granting;
Taking color from the skies,
Can heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall
Snow-like at first meeting;
Love me with thine heart, that all
Neighbors then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out
Freely, open minded;
Love me with thy loitering foot,
'Nearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
Sudden faint above me;
Love me with thy blush, that burns
When I murmur, *Love me!*

Love me with thy thinking soul,
Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living — dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
When the world had crowned thee;
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,
Up the woodlands shady;

Love me gayly, fast, and true,
  As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
  Farther off or nigher;
Love me for the house and grave —
  And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
  Woman's love no fable,
I will love *thee* — half a year —
  As a man is able.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

SHE IS NOT FAIR

"She is not fair to outward view";
No beauty hers of form or face;
She hath no witchery, 't is true,
No grace.

Nor pretty wit, nor well-stored mind,
Nor azure eyes, nor golden hair
Hath she. She is — I am not blind —
Not fair.

What makes me love her, then? say you,
For such a maid is not my wont.
Love her! What makes you think I do?
I don't.

Franklin P. Adams

SONG OF THYRSIS

The turtle on yon withered bough,
That lately mourned her murdered mate,
Has found another comrade now —
Such changes all await!
Again her drooping plume is drest.
Again she's willing to be blest
And takes her lover to her nest.

If nature has decreed it so
With all above, and all below,
Let us like them forget our woe,
And not be killed with sorrow.
If I should quit your arms to-night
And chance to die before 't was light,
I would advise you — and you might —
Love again to-morrow.

Philip Freneau

OUT UPON IT, I HAVE LOVED

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more, —
If it prove fine weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least, ere this,
A dozen in her place!

Sir John Suckling

THE PEREMPTORY LOVER

'T is not your beauty nor your wit
That can my heart obtain,
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
And doat on you no more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome
By proving thus unkind;
No smothered sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love at least I will have thanks, —
And something else beside!

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be, I vow,

And let our actions be as free
  As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind, —
  If constant, I'll be true;
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
  I'll turn as soon as you.

Since our affections well ye know,
  In equal terms do stand,
'T is in your power to love or no,
  Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
  Inconstancy abhor,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
  I'll never love thee more.

UNKNOWN

TO PHŒBE

"GENTLE, modest, little flower,
Sweet epitome of May,
Love me but for half-an-hour,
Love me, love me, little fay."
Sentences so fiercely flaming
In your tiny shell-like ear,
I should always be exclaiming
If I loved you, PHŒBE, dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance
Shed upon me while I sing!
Please ecstaticise existence,
Love me, oh, thou fairy thing!"
Words like these, outpouring sadly,
You'd perpetually hear,
If I loved you, fondly, madly; —
But I do not, PHŒBE, dear.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT

EPITHALAMIUM

THE marriage bells have rung their peal,
The wedding march has told its story.
I've seen her at the altar kneel
In all her stainless, virgin glory;
She's bound to honor, love, obey,
Come joy or sorrow, tears or laughter.
I watched her as she rode away,
And flung the lucky slipper after.

She was my first, my very first,
My earliest inamorata,
And to the passion that I nursed
For her I well-nigh was a martyr.
For I was young and she was fair,
And always bright and gay and chipper,
And, oh, she wore such sunlit hair!
Such silken stockings! such a slipper!

She did not wish to make me mourn —
She was the kindest of God's creatures;

But flirting was in her inborn,
  Like brains and queerness in the Beechers.
I do not fear your heartless flirt,
  Obtuse her dart and dull her probe is;
But when girls do not mean to hurt,
  But *do* — *Orate tunc pro nobis!*

A most romantic country place;
  The moon at full, the month of August;
An inland lake across whose face
  Played gentle zephyrs, ne'er a raw gust.
Books, boats, and horses to enjoy,
  The which was all our occupation;
A damsel and a callow boy —
  There! now you have the situation.

We rode together miles and miles,
  My pupil she, and I her Chiron;
At home I revelled in her smiles
  And read her extracts out of Byron.
We rode by moonlight, chose our stars
  (I thought it most authentic billing),

Explored the woods, climbed over bars,
  Smoked cigarettes and broke a shilling.

An infinitely blissful week
  Went by in this Arcadian fashion;
I hesitated long to speak,
  But ultimately breathed my passion.
She said her heart was not her own;
  She said she'd love me like a sister;
She cried a little (not alone),
  I begged her not to fret, and — kissed her.

I lost some sleep, some pounds in weight,
  A deal of time and all my spirits,
And much, how much I dare not state,
  I mused upon that damsel's merits.
I tortured my unhappy soul,
  I wished I never might recover;
I hoped her marriage bells might toll
  A requiem for her faithful lover.

And now she's married, now she wears
  A wedding-ring upon her finger;

And I — although it odd appears —
  Still in the flesh I seem to linger.
Lo, there my swallow-tail, and here
  Lies by my side a wedding-favor;
Beside it stands a mug of beer,
  I taste it — how divine its flavor!

I saw her in her bridal dress
  Stand pure and lovely at the altar;
I heard her firm response — that "Yes,"
  Without a quiver or a falter.
And here I sit and drink to her
  Long life and happiness, God bless her!
Now fill again. No heel-taps, sir;
  Here's to — Success to her successor!

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

WHEN LOVE IS KIND

When Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things —
Love may go hang!

If love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love given to rove
To two or three,
Then —, good-bye, Love!

Love must, in short,
  Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
  And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
  Young Love may go,
For aught I care —
  To Jericho.

THOMAS MOORE

THALIA

I say it under the rose —
  Oh, thanks! — yes, under the laurel,
We part lovers, not foes:
  We are not going to quarrel.

We have too long been friends
  On foot and in gilded coaches,
Now that the whole thing ends,
  To spoil our kiss with reproaches.

I leave you; my soul is wrung;
  I pause, look back from the portal —
Ah, I no more am young,
  And you, child, you are immortal!

Mine is the glacier's way,
  Yours is the blossom's weather —
When were December and May
  Known to be happy together?

Before my kisses grow tame,
  Before my moodiness grieve you,
While yet my heart is flame,
  And I all lover, I leave you.

So, in the coming time,
  When you count the rich years over,
Think of me in my prime,
  And not as a white-haired lover.

Fretful, pierced with regret,
  The wraith of a dead Desire
Thrumming a cracked spinet
  By a slowly dying fire.

When, at last, I am cold —
  Years hence, if the gods so will it —
Say, "He was true as gold,"
  And wear a rose in your fillet!

Others, tender as I,
  Will come and sue for caresses,

Woo you, win you, and die —
  Mind you, a rose in your tresses!

Some Melpomene woo,
  Some hold Clio the nearest;
You, sweet Comedy — you
  Were ever sweetest and dearest!

Nay, it is time to go.
  When writing your tragic sister
Say to that child of woe
  How sorry I was I missed her.

Really I cannot stay,
  Though "parting is such sweet
    sorrow" . . .
Perhaps I will, on my way
  Down-town, look in to-morrow!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

TO CHLOE

I COULD resign that eye of blue
  Howe'er its splendour used to thrill me;
And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue, —
  To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
  However much I've raved about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
  I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learned to fast,
  That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
  To — do without you altogether.

THOMAS MOORE

DA CAPO

Short and sweet, and we've come to the end
of it —
Our poor little love lying cold.
Shall no sonnet, then, ever be penned of it?
Nor the joys and pains of it told?
How fair was its face in the morning,
How close its caresses at noon,
How its evening grew chill without warning,
Unpleasantly soon!

I can't say just how we began it —
In a blush, or a smile, or a sigh;
Fate took but an instant to plan it;
It needs but a moment to die.
Yet — we remember the first conversation,
When the flowers you had dropped at your
feet
I restored. The familiar quotation
Was — "Sweets to the sweet."

Oh, their delicate perfume has haunted
My senses a whole season through.
If there *was* one soft charm that you wanted
The violets lent it to you.
I whispered you, life was but lonely:
A cue which you graciously took;
And your eyes learned a look for me only —
A very nice look.

And sometimes your hand would touch *my* hand,
With a sweetly particular touch;
You said many things in a sigh, and
Made a look express wondrously much.
We smiled for the mere sake of smiling,
And laughed for no reason but fun;
Irrational joys; but beguiling —
And all that is done!

We were idle, and played for a moment
At a game that now neither will press:
I cared not to find out what "No" meant;
Nor your lips to grow yielding with "Yes."

Love is done with and dead; if there lingers
A faint and indefinite ghost,
It is laid with this kiss on your fingers —
A jest at the most.

'T is a commonplace, stale situation,
Now the curtain comes down from above
On the end of our little flirtation —
A travesty romance; for Love,
If he climbed in disguise to your lattice,
Fell dead of the first kisses' pain:
But one thing is left us now; that is —
Begin it again.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

AN INTERLUDE

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet, —
The breath at your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadowsweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows:
You passed me as April passes,
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems are slender,
  Your bright foot paused at the sedge;
It might be to watch the tender
  Light leaves in the springtime hedge.

On boughs that the sweet month blanches
  With flowery frost of May;
It might be a bird in the branches,
  It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger
  With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
  Struck sharp through the leaves at you,

And a bird overhead sang *Follow,*
  And a bird to the right sang *Here;*
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
  And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
  I knew what the bird's note said:

By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
  You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
  Recalls a regret of the sun,
I remember, forget, and remember
  What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
  The day and the way we met:
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
  And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower
  Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour:
  I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom
  You lifted, and waved, and passed,
With head hung down to the bosom,
  And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is,
That neither is most to blame,
If you've forgotten my kisses,
And I've forgotten your name.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

BALLADE OF THE DEVIL-MAY-CARE

Free as the wandering pike am I,
Many the strings to my amorous bow,
More than a little inclined to fly
Butterfly lovering, to and fro;
Happy wherever the flowers blow,
With the dew on the leaf, and the sunshine above.
Terribly wrong and unprincipled? No,
Life is too short to be "dead in love!"

Not for me is the lover's sigh;
Fools are they, to be worrying so!
Sipping my fill of the honey I fly
Butterfly lovering, to and fro.
I skim the cream, and let all else go;
Gather my roses, and give a shove
Over my shoulder at dutiful woe, —
Life is too short to be "dead in love!"

So, while the fanciful hours go by,
I gaily reap what the simpletons sow.
Fresh with their bloom are the fruits I try,
Butterfly lovering, to and fro.
Then here's to the lady who wears her beau
On and off, like a dainty glove!
And here's to the zephyrs that all-ways blow —
Life is too short to be "dead in love!"

ENVOY

Prince, who cares for the coming snow,
Butterfly lovering, to and fro?
Why should a man be a turtle-dove?
Life is too short to be "dead in love!"

GELETT BURGESS

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtains drawn and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg —
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won;
My self in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog —
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!

When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With Sister Belle she could n't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog —
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll —
A monkey too, what work he made!
The sister introduced a beau —
My Susan brought a favorite maid.
She had a tabby of her own, —
A snappish mongrel christened Gog —
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit — the parrot screamed,
All day the sister strummed and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learned to use her tongue;
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croaked like any frog —

What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log —
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubbed and huffed,
She could not bear that Mister Blogg —
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song —

The sister took a sister's part —
The maid declared her master wrong —
The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog —
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end;
I never had a decent coat —
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog —
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come, and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg —

What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug —
With Pussy in the elbow-chair,
And Tray reposing on the rug?
If I must totter down the hill,
'T is safest done without a clog —
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

THOMAS HOOD

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May —
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well disposéd nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtue move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget my own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not so to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo:
And unless that mind I see,
What care I tho' great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she loves me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER

IF

Oh, if the world were mine, Love,
I'd give the world for thee!
Alas! there is no sign, Love,
Of that contingency.

Were I a king, — which is n't
To be considered now, —
A diadem had glistened
Upon that lovely brow.

Had fame with laurels crowned me, —
She has n't, up to date, —
Nor time nor change had found me
To love and thee ingrate.

If death threw down his gage, Love,
Though life is dear to me,
I'd die, e'en of old age, Love,
To win a smile from thee.

But being poor, we part, dear,
And love, sweet love, must die;
Thou wilt not break thy heart, dear,
No more, I think, shall I!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

MRS. SMITH

Heigh-ho! they're wed. The cards are dealt,
Our frolic games are o'er;
I've laughed, and fool'd, and lov'd. I've felt —
As I shall feel no more!
Yon little thatch is where she lives,
Yon spire is where she met me; —
I think that if she quite forgives,
She cannot quite forget me.

Last year I trod these fields with Di,
Fields fresh with clover and with rye;
Now they seem arid.
Then Di was fair and single; how
Unfair it seems on me, for now
Di's fair — and married!

A blissful swain — I scorn'd the song
Which says that though young Love is strong,
The Fates are stronger:
Breezes then blew a boon to men,

The buttercups were bright, and then
This grass was longer.

That day I saw and much esteem'd
Di's ankles, which the clover seem'd
Inclined to smother:
It twitch'd, and soon untied (for fun)
The ribbon of her shoes, first one,
And then the other.

I'm told that virgins augur some
Misfortune if their shoe-strings come
To grief on Friday:
And so did Di, and then her pride
Decreed that shoe-strings so untied
Are "so untidy!"

Of course I knelt; with fingers deft
I tied the right, and tied the left:
Says Di, "The stubble
Is very stupid! — as I live
I'm quite ashamed! . . . I'm shock'd
to give
You so much trouble!"

For answer I was fain to sink
To what we all would say and think
Were Beauty present:
"Don't mention such a simple act —
A trouble? Not the least! In fact
It's rather pleasant!"

I trust that Love will never tease
Poor little Di, or prove that he's
A graceless rover.
She's happy now as *Mrs. Smith* —
And less polite when walking with
Her chosen lover!

Heigh-ho! Although no moral clings
To Di's blue eyes, and sandal strings,
We've had our quarrels.
I think that Smith is thought an ass, —
I know that when they walk in grass
She wears balmorals.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

AN OLD RONDO

Her scuttle Hatt is wondrous wide,
All furrie, too, on every side;
  Soe out She trippeth daintylie,
  To lett ye Youth full well to see
How fayre ye mayde is for ye Bryde.

A lyttle puffed, may be, bye Pryde,
She yet soe lovelye is that I'd
  A Shillynge give to tye, perdie,
    Her scuttle Hatt.

Ye Coales into ye Scuttle slide,
Soe in her Hatt wolde I, and hide
  To steale some Kisses — two or three:
  But synce She never asketh me,
Ye scornful Cynick doth deride
    Her scuttle Hatt!

Frank Dempster Sherman

WHEN I LOVED YOU

When I loved you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And oh! 't is delicious to hate you!

Thomas Moore

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of me was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

William Shakespeare

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN

It is ascertained by inspection of the registers of many countries, that the uniform proportion of male to female births is as 21 to 20: accordingly, in respect to marriage, every 21st man is naturally superfluous. — *Treatise on Population.*

I LONG have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned, —
And I'm a superfluous man!

Those clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world,
Is Twenty to Twenty-and-one;
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score,
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To Nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me, —
For I'm a superfluous man!

It is n't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined;
It is n't that I am at fault
In morals or manners or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I'm still with the bachelor-clan?
I merely was numbered amiss, —
And I'm a superfluous man!

It is n't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face;

Indeed, among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van;
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
'T is idle to quarrel with fate,
For, struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know, —
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
With women so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the Twenty;
But yet, when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best
That I'm a superfluous man!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

COMPANIONS

I KNOW not of what we ponder'd
Or made pretty pretence to talk,
As, her hand within mine, we wander'd
Tow'rd the pool by the limetree walk,
While the dew fell in showers from the passion flowers
And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.

I cannot recall her figure:
Was it regal as Juno's own?
Or only a trifle bigger
Than the elves who surround the throne
Of the Faery Queen, and are seen, I ween,
By mortals in dreams alone?

What her eyes were like, I know not:
Perhaps they were blurr'd with tears;
And perhaps in your skies there glow not
(On the contrary) clearer spheres.

No! as to her eyes I am just as wise
As you or the cat, my dears.

Her teeth, I presume, were "pearly":
But which was she, brunette or blonde?
Her hair, was it quaintly curly,
Or as straight as a beadle's wand?
That I fail'd to remark; — it was rather dark
And shadowy round the pond.

Then the hand that reposed so snugly
In mine — was it plump or spare?
Was the countenance fair or ugly?
Nay, children, you have me there!
My eyes were p'raps blurr'd; and besides I'd heard
That it's horribly rude to stare.

And I — was I brusque and surly?
Or oppressively bland and fond?
Was I partial to rising early?
Or why did we twain abscond,

All breakfastless too, from the public view
To prowl by a misty pond?

What pass'd, what was felt or spoken —
Whether anything pass'd at all —
And whether the heart was broken
That beat under that shel'tring shawl —
(If shawl she had on, which I doubt) — has gone,
Yes, gone from me past recall.

Was I haply the lady's suitor?
Or her uncle? I can't make out —
Ask your governess, dears, or tutor.
For myself, I'm in hopeless doubt
As to why we were there, who on earth we were,
And what this is all about.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

ON THE BRINK

I WATCH'D her as she stoop'd to pluck
A wildflower in her hair to twine;
And wish'd that it had been my luck
To call her mine.

Anon I heard her rate with mad
Mad words her babe within its cot;
And felt particularly glad
That it had not.

I knew (such subtle brains have men)
That she was uttering what she should n't;
And thought that I would chide, and then
I thought I would n't.

Who could have gazed upon that face,
Those pouting coral lips, and chided?
A Rhadamanthus, in my place,
Had done as I did:

For ire wherewith our bosoms glow
  Is chain'd there oft by Beauty's spell;
And, more than that, I did not know
    The widow well.

So the harsh phrase pass'd unreproved.
  Still mute — (O brothers, was it sin?) —
I drank, unutterably moved,
    Her beauty in:

And to myself I murmur'd low,
  As on her upturn'd face and dress
The moonlight fell, "Would she say No,
    By chance, or Yes?"

She stood so calm, so like a ghost
  Betwixt me and that magic moon,
That I already was almost
    A finish'd coon.

But when she caught adroitly up
  And soothed with smiles her little daughter;

And gave it, if I'm right, a sup
Of barley-water;

And, crooning still the strange sweet lore
Which only mothers' tongues can utter,
Snow'd with deft hand the sugar o'er
Its bread-and-butter;

And kiss'd it clingingly — (Ah, why
Don't women do these things in private?) —
I felt that if I lost her, I
Should not survive it:

And from my mouth the words nigh flew —
The past, the future, I forgat 'em:
"Oh! if you'd kiss me as you do
That thankless atom!"

But this thought came ere yet I spake,
And froze the sentence on my lips:
"They err, who marry wives that make
These little slips."

It came like some familiar rhyme,
  Some copy to my boyhood set;
And that's perhaps the reason I'm
    Unmarried yet.

Would she have own'd how pleased she was,
  And told her love with widow's pride?
I never found out that, because
    I never tried.

Be kind to babes and beasts and birds:
  Hearts may be hard, though lips are coral;
And angry words are angry words:
    And that's the moral.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

"MAGDALENA"

Sat we 'neath the dark verandah,
Years and years ago;
And I softly pressed a hand a
Deal more white than snow.
And I cast aside my *reina*,
As I gazed upon her face,
And I read her "Magdalena,"
While she smoothed her Spanish lace —
Read her Waller's "Magdalena" —
She had Magdalena's grace.
Read her of the Spanish duel,
Of the brother, courtly, cruel,
Who between the British wooer
And the Seville lady came;
How her lover promptly slew her
Brother, and then fled in shame —
How he dreamed, in long years after,
Of the river's rippling laughter —
Of the look he used to know

In the myrtle-curtained villa
Near the city of Sevilla
  Years and years ago.

Oh, how warmly was I reading,
  As I gazed upon her face!
And my voice took tones of pleading,
  For I sought to win her grace.
Surely thought I, in her veins
Runs some drop of foreign strains —
There is something half Castilian
In that lip that shames vermilion;
In that mass of raven tresses,
Tossing like a falcon's jesses;
In that eye with trailing lashes,
And its witching upward flashes —
  Such, indeed, I know,
Shone where Guadalquivir plashes
  Years and years ago.

Looking in her face I read it —
  How the metre trips! —

And the god of lovers sped it
  On my happy lips —
All those words of mystic sweetness
Spoke I with an airy neatness,
As I never had before —
As I cannot speak them more —
Reja, plaza, and mantilla,
"No palabras" and Sevilla,
Caballero and sombrero,
And Duenna and Duero,
Spada, señor, sabe Dios —
Smooth as pipe of Melibœus —
Ah, how very well I read it,
  Looking in her lovely eyes!
When 't was o'er, I looked for credit,
  As she softly moved to rise.

. . . . . .

Doting dream, ah, dream fallacious —
  Years and years ago! —
For she only said: "My gracious —
  What a lot of French you know!"

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night to thee, Lady! tho' many
Have join'd in the dance of to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good-night to thee, Lady! 't is over —
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song —
The whisper'd farewell of the lover,
The heartless adieu of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eye-lid that long'd for repose —
The *beaux* that were dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of *beaux*.

'T is over — the lights are all dying,
The coaches are driving away;

And many a fair one is sighing,
  And many a false one is gay;
And Beauty counts over her numbers
  Of conquests, as homeward she drives —
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
  And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
  Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
  That fell from your wreath on the floor.
I'll keep it — if but to remind me,
  Though wither'd and faded its hue —
Wherever next season may find me —
  Of England — of Almack's — and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, tho' lonely
  Our path be o'er mountain, or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
  When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burthen can lighten,
  Tho' toilsome and steep be the way;

And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, tho' nameless,
For aye on the lip they may be;
There are hearts, tho' fetter'd, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpress'd, but still free!
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light, —
The Ball and my dream are all over —
Good-night to thee, Lady, Good-night!

EDWARD FITZGERALD

THE MODERN BELLE

She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
She is clad in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks;
And though she talks but little,
'T is a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint, —
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,
And men with "flowing hair";
She's eloquent over mustaches,
They give such a foreign air.

She talks of Italian music,
  And falls in love with the moon;
And, if a mouse were to meet her,
  She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
  Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
  And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics
  (Though this she will never own),
Her body is mostly of cotton,
  Her heart is wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
  Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
  She marries him for his hair!
One of the very best matches, —
  Both are well-mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
  He's got a fool for a wife!

ANONYMOUS

FRIEND AND LOVER

When Psyche's friend becomes her lover,
How sweetly these conditions blend!
But, oh, what anguish to discover
Her lover has become — her friend!

Mary Ainge de Vere

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE

Poor Rose! I lift you from the street —
  Far better I should own you,
Than you should lie for random feet,
  Where careless hands have thrown you!

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn!
  Did heartless Mayfair use you,
Then cast you forth to lie forlorn,
  For chariot wheels to bruise you?

I saw you last in Edith's hair.
  Rose, you would scarce discover
That I she passed upon the stair
  Was Edith's favored lover.

A month — "a little month" — ago —
  O theme for moral writer! —
'Twixt you and me, my Rose, you know,
  She might have been politer;

But let that pass. She gave you then —
  Behind the oleander —
To one, perhaps, of all the men,
  Who best could understand her, —

Cyril that, duly flattered, took,
  As only Cyril's able,
With just the same Arcadian look
  He used, last night, for Mabel;

Then, having waltzed till every star
  Had paled away in morning,
Lit up his cynical cigar,
  And tossed you downward, scorning.

Kismet, my Rose! Revenge is sweet, —
  She made my heart-strings quiver;
And yet — You sha'n't lie in the street,
  I'll drop you in the River.

AUSTIN DOBSON

THE LOOK

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
  Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
  And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
  Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
  Haunts me night and day.

Sara Teasdale

CATHARINA

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON

She came — she is gone — we have met —
And meet perhaps never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream,
(So vanishes pleasure, alas!)
But has left a regret and esteem
That will not so suddenly pass.

That last evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress as often delay'd
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paused under many a tree,
And much was she charm'd with a tone,
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteem'd
The work of my fancy the more,
And e'en to myself never seem'd
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here;
For the close-woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
With a well-judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
'T is nature alone that we love.

The achievements of art may amuse,
  May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse
  A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
  Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
  The scene of her sensible choice!
To inhabit a mansion remote
  From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
  To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
  To wing all her moments at home;
And with scenes that new rapture inspire
  As oft as it suits her to roam;
She will have just the life she prefers,
  With little to hope or to fear,
And ours would be pleasant as hers,
  Might we view it enjoying it here.

WILLIAM COWPER

WE TWO LEARNED THE LESSON TOGETHER

We two learned the lesson together,
The oldest of all, yet so new
To myself, and I'm wondering whether
It was utterly novel to you?

The pages — you seemed to have known them,
The pictures that changed 'neath our eyes;
Alas! by what hand were you shown them,
That I find you so womanly wise?

Is it strange that my hand on your shoulder
In the dusk of the day should be placed?
Did you say to yourself, "Were he older
His arm had encircled my waist?"

If it be so, so be it, fair teacher;
I sit at your feet and am wise,
For each page of the book is a feature,
And the light of the reading, your eyes.

WE TWO LEARNED THE LESSON

We have met, and the meeting is over;
  We must part, and the parting is now;
We have played out the game — I, boy-lover,
  In earnest, and you, dearest, how?

RUDYARD KIPLING

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'T is paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 't is true, 't is true.

A. E. Housman

FLORINE

Could I bring back lost youth again
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides
Devoted rapture's glow,
And Love — that conquers all besides —
Finds Time a conquering foe.

Farewell! we're severed by our fate
As far as night from noon;
You came into the world too late,
And I depart so soon.

Thomas Campbell

PROUD WORD YOU NEVER SPOKE

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved *me*" — then rise and trip away.

Walter Savage Landor

THE ROSE

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the bud it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,

Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

"This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile."

WILLIAM COWPER

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft met in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me
But while her eyes were on me,

If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against à glance
Is now as weak as ever.

THOMAS MOORE

CUPID MISTAKEN

As after noon, one summer's day,
  Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
  New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart:
  With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
  The too well-guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried;
  O cruel, could'st thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
  Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
  "Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake;
  I took you for your likeness, Chloe."

MATTHEW PRIOR

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
  Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all years past are,
  Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaid's singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
  And find,
  What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
  Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
  Till age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
  And swear,
  Nowhere
Lives a woman true and fair.

SONG

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not: I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet;
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

JOHN DONNE

THE GIFT

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Shall I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give — and let them,
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them when I get them.

I'll give — but not the full blown rose,
Or rosebud more in fashion;
Such short-lived offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee — ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee — to the devil.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Say nothing do 't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

Sir John Suckling

CHANGED

I KNOW not why my soul is rack'd:
Why I ne'er smile as was my wont:
I only know that, as a fact,
I don't.

I used to roam o'er glen and glade
Buoyant and blithe as other folk:
And not infrequently I made
A joke.

A minstrel's fire within me burn'd.
I'd sing, as one whose heart must break,
Lay upon lay: I nearly learn'd
To shake.

All day I sang; of love, of fame,
Of fights our fathers fought of yore,
Until the thing almost became
A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'T is that I can't remember how
They go.

I could not range the hills till high
  Above me stood the summer moon:
And as to dancing, I could fly
  As soon.

The sports, to which with boyish glee
  I sprang erewhile, attract no more;
Although I am but sixty-three
  Or four.
Nay, worse than that, I've seem'd of late
  To shrink from happy boyhood — boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
  A noise.

They fright me, when the beech is green,
  By swarming up its stem for eggs:
They drive their horrid hoops between
  My legs: —
It's idle to repine, I know;
  I'll tell you what I'll do instead:
I'll drink my arrowroot, and go
  To bed.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

HER LETTER

I'm sitting alone by the fire
  Dressed just as I came from the dance,
It's a robe even *you* would admire, —
  It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
  My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, the "belle of the season"
  Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
  I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
  That waits — on the stairs — for me yet.
They say he'll be rich, — when he grows up, —
  And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
  Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
  "And what do I think of New York?"

"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And is n't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And are n't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes, — if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand, —
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand, —
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that, —
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier, —
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year," —
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk, —

Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork."

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis;*
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the man that was quietly sleeping;
Of the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride, — that to me was the rarest;
Of — the something you said at the gate;
Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think as I stood in the glare

Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph, — heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel, —
Whatever's the meaning of that, —
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night, — here's the end of my paper;
Good-night, — if the longitude please, —
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.

But know, if you have n't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it, — on Poverty Flat.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore: —
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he called upon Lucy — 't was just ten o'clock —
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat.*
So Lucy ran up — and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go:

So she kissed him, and whispered — poor innocent thing —
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

THOMAS HOOD

PLAYS

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Alloted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sit before us:
How many prompters, what a chorus!

Walter Savage Landor

FASHION

Fair Eve devised a walking-suit
Of jungle grasses, soft and crimpy;
She thought it rather neat and cute
Till Adam grunted, "Pretty skimpy!"

A cloak of palm-leaves, sought for miles,
She made, and came to be admired;
But Adam said, "The silly styles
You women wear just make me tired!"

She built herself a little hat
Of lilies (Eve was *very* clever),
And asked him what he thought of *that?*
And Adam blurted, "Well, I *never!*"

So next she placed upon her head
A feathered three-by-four Creation. —
The little word that Adam said
Is barred from parlor conversation.

Yet Eve refused to be a dowd,
  And tied an autumn-tinted sash on.
"I'll dress to please *myself!*" she vowed,
  "For what does Adam know of fashion?

"What use to seek applause from him?
  He scoffs and says I cannot reason!
Well, then, *my* law shall be my whim —
  And that shall change with every season."

Since when, revolving cycles bring
  The gayest fashions and the queerest;
And Eve declares, "It's just the thing!"
  And Adam murmurs, "Is it, dearest?"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

MY FANCY

I PAINTED her a gushing thing,
With years perhaps a score;
I little thought to find they were
At least a dozen more;
My fancy gave her eyes of blue,
A curly, auburn head;
I came to find the blue a green,
The auburn turned to red.

She boxed my ears this morning —
They tingled very much;
I own that I could wish her
A somewhat lighter touch;
And if you were to ask me how
Her charms might be improved,
I would not have them added to,
But just a few removed!

She has the bear's ethereal grace,
The bland hyena's laugh,

The footstep of the elephant,
  The neck of the giraffe.
I love her still, believe me,
  Though my heart its passion hides;
"She is all my fancy painted her,"
  But, oh, how much besides!

LEWIS CARROLL

THE IDEAL HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE

We've lived for forty years, dear wife,
And walked together side by side,
And you to-day are just as dear
As when you were my bride.
I've tried to make life glad for you,
One long, sweet honeymoon of joy,
A dream of marital content,
Without the least alloy.
I've smoothed all boulders from our path,
That we in peace might toil along;
But always hastening to admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

No mad diversity of creed
Has ever sundered me from thee;
For I permit you evermore
To borrow your ideas of me.

And thus it is, through weal or woe,
Our love for evermore endures;
For I permit that you should take
My views and creeds, and make them yours.
And thus I let you have my way,
And thus in peace we toil along
For I am willing to admit
That I am right and you are wrong.

And when our matrimonial skiff
Strikes snags in love's meandering stream,
I lift our shallop from the rocks,
And float as in a placid dream.
And well I know our marriage bliss
While life shall last will never cease;
For I shall always let thee do,
In generous love, just what I please.
Peace comes, and discord flies away,
Love's bright day follows hatred's night;
For I am ready to admit
That you are wrong and I am right.

Dear wife, when discord reared its head,
And love's sweet light forgot to shine,
'T was then I freely would permit
That thy will should'st conform to mine.
In all things, whether great or small,
In all life's path we've wandered through,
I've graciously let you perform
Just what I wanted you to do.
No altercation could destroy
The love that held us sure and strong;
For evermore would I admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

Sweet wedded love! O life of bliss!
Our years in peace have flown along;
For you admit that I was right,
And I admit that you were wrong.
No dogged stubbornness of soul
Has ever wrenched my heart from thine;
For thy will ever was my own
Because thy will was always mine.

So sweet forgiveness crowns our years,
And sheds on us its tender light;
For I admit that you were wrong,
And you admit that I was right.

SAM WALTER FOSS

TO MINERVA

FROM THE GREEK

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad —
So Thyrsis, take the midnight oil,
And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my light is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read, —
Then Pallas take away thine Owl,
And let us have a Lark instead.

THOMAS HOOD

A FASHIONABLE NOVEL

Lord Harry has written a novel,
A story of elegant life;
No stuff about love in a hovel,
No sketch of a commoner's wife:
No trash such as pathos and passion,
Fine feelings, expression, and wit;
But all about people of fashion,
Come look at his caps how they fit!

O, Radcliffe! thou once wert the charmer
Of girls who sat reading all night;
Thy heroes were striplings in armor,
Thy heroines damsels in white.
But past are thy terrible touches,
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a Duchess,
Conversed with her cousin, the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full
Of titles — "I give you my word,

My lady, you're looking delightful."
"O dear, do you think so, my lord!"
"You've heard of the marquis's marriage,
The bride with her jewels new set,
Four horses, new travelling carriage,
And déjeuner *à la fourchette*."

Haut ton finds her privacy broken,
We trace all her ins and her outs;
The very small talk that is spoken
By the very great people at routs;
At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the innkeeper's wife,
And reads till she dreams she is one of
The leaders of elegant life.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

MY FAMILIAR

Ecce iterum Crispinus

AGAIN I hear that creaking step! —
He's rapping at the door! —
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes — but never goes.

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties, —
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees —
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes, —
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;

He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things, —
But never says, "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes, — that dreadful man, —
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an Autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher. —
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do, — only but more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,

And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
With which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet! — past a doubt
'T would still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

Nay, when, once paid my mortal fee,
Some idler on my headstone grim
Traces the moss-blurred name, will he
Think me the happier, or I him?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH

To put new shingles on old roofs;
  To give old women wadded skirts;
To treat premonitory coughs
  With seasonable flannel shirts;
To soothe the stings of poverty
  And keep the jackal from the door —
These are the works that occupy
  The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
  Kind words and chickens, jams and coals;
Poultices for corporeal woes,
  And sympathy for downcast souls;
Her currant jelly — her quinine,
  The lips of fever move to bless.
She makes the humble sick-room shine
  With unaccustomed tidiness.

A heart of hers the instant twin
And vivid counterpart is mine;
I also serve my fellow men,
Though in a somewhat different line.
The Poor, and their concerns, she has
Monopolized, because of which
It falls to me to labor as
A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice
Does my devoted spirit quail;
I give their horses exercise;
As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their Tally-Hos I ride
And brave the chances of a storm;
I even use my own inside
To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit
Dear to our hearts soon grow to be;
I love my Rich, and I admit
That they are very good to me.

Succor the Poor, my sisters, I,
While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will strive to share and mollify
The trials of abounding wealth.

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

TO CORRESPONDENTS

My Postman, though I fear thy tread,
And tremble as thy foot draws nearer,
'T is not the Christmas Dun I dread,
My mortal foe is much severer, —
The Unknown Correspondent, who,
With indefatigable pen,
And nothing in the world to do,
Perplexes literary men.

From Pentecost and Ponder's End
They write; from Deal and from Dacotah,
The people of the Shetlands send
No inconsiderable quota;
They write for autographs; in vain,
In vain does Phyllis write, and Flora,
They write that *Allan Quatermain*
Is not at all the book for Brora.

They write to say that "they have met"
This writer "at a garden party,"

And though this writer "may forget,"
Their recollection's keen and hearty.
"And will you praise in your reviews
A novel by our distant cousin?"
These letters from Provincial Blues
Assail us daily by the dozen!

O friends with time upon your hands,
O friends with postage stamps in plenty,
O poets out of many lands,
O youths and maidens under twenty,
Seek out some other wretch to bore,
Or wreak yourselves upon your neighbours,
And leave me to my dusty lore,
And my unprofitable labours.

ANDREW LANG

A TERRIBLE INFANT

I RECOLLECT a nurse call'd Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kiss'd the pretty lass:
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, "*Aha!*
When I can talk I'll tell Mamma."
— And that's my earliest recollection.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

TO AN INSECT

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —
Old gentlefolks are they, —
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill,
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree, —
A knot of spinster Katydids, —
Do Katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?

And was she very fair and young,
  And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
  Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
  Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
  My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
  So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
  Or wet their eyes of blue, —
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
  What did poor Katy do?

Ah, no! the living oak shall crash,
  That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
  And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
  Shall add one word, to tell

The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA

Beneath the warrior's helm, behold
The flowing tresses of the woman!
Minerva, Pallas, what you will —
A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

Minerva? No! 't is some sly minx
In cousin's helmet masquerading;
If not — then Wisdom was a dame
For sonnets and for serenading!

I thought the goddess cold, austere,
Not made for love's despairs and blisses:
Did Pallas wear her hair like that?
Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for kisses?

The Nightingale should be her bird,
And not the Owl, big-eyed and solemn:
How very fresh she looks, and yet
She's older far than Trajan's Column!

The magic hand that carved this face,
And set this vine-work round it running,
Perhaps ere mighty Phidias wrought
Had lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he graved the dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

Perchance, in some still garden-place,
Where neither fount nor tree to-day is,
He flung the jewel at the feet
Of Phryne, or perhaps 't was Laïs.

But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story:
Nameless, and dead these centuries,
His work outlives him — there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;

The countless summers came and went
With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some Visconti dug it up —
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O nameless brother! see how Time
Your gracious handiwork has guarded:
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THE EIGHT-DAY CLOCK

The days of Bute and Grafton's fame,
Of Chatham's waning prime,
First heard your sounding gong proclaim
Its chronicle of Time;
Old days when Dodd confessed his guilt,
When Goldsmith drave his quill,
And genial gossip Horace built
His house on Strawberry Hill.

Now with a grave unmeaning face
You still repeat the tale,
High-towering in your somber case,
Designed by Chippendale;
Without regret for what is gone,
You bid old customs change,
As year by year you travel on
To scenes and voices strange.

We might have mingled with the crowd
Of courtiers in this hall,

The fans that swayed, the wigs that bowed,
But you have spoiled it all;
We might have lingered in the train
Of nymphs that Reynolds drew,
Or stared spell-bound in Drury Lane
At Garrick — but for you.

We might in Leicester Fields have swelled
The throng of beaux and cits,
Or listened to the concourse held
Among the Kitcat wits;
Have strolled with Selwyn in Pall Mall,
Arrayed in gorgeous silks,
Or in Great George Street raised a yell
For Liberty and Wilkes.

This is the life which you have known,
Which you have ticked away,
In one unmoved unfaltering tone
That ceased not day by day,
While ever round your dial moved
Your hands from span to span,

Through drowsy hours and hours that proved
Big with the fate of man.

A steady tick for fatal creeds,
For youth on folly bent,
A steady tick for worthy deeds,
And moments wisely spent;
No warning note of emphasis,
No whisper of advice,
To ruined rake or flippant miss,
For coquetry or dice.

You might, I think, have hammered out
With meaning doubly clear,
The midnight of a Vauxhall rout
In Evelina's ear;
Or when the night was almost gone,
You might, the deals between,
Have startled those who looked upon
The cloth when it was green.

But no, in all the vanished years
Down which your heels have run,

Your message borne to heedless ears
Is one and only one —
No wit of men, no power of kings,
Can stem the overthrow
Wrought by this pendulum that swings
Sedately to and fro.

ALFRED COCHRANE

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is —
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hatchforth of all sorts of dishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at TERRÉ 's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed a rich and savory stew 't is;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter — nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder —
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."

"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest TERRÉ 's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one." — "That I can, sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So TERRÉ 's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustom'd corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter, quick! a flagon crusty —
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing TOM is laughing yet;
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;
There's poor old FRED in the Gazette;
On JAMES'S head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place — but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
— There's no one now to share my cup.

. . . . . .

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of the dear old times.
Welcome to wine, whate'er the seal is,
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
— Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

MY BOY

You smile and you smoke your cigar, my boy;
  You walk with a languid swing;
You tinkle and tune your guitar, my boy,
  And lift up your voice and sing;
The midnight moon is a friend of yours,
  And a serenade your joy —
And it's only an age like mine that cures
  A trouble like yours, my boy!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

AN OLD MAN TO AN OLD MADEIRA

When first you trembled at my kiss
And blushed before and after,
Your life, a rose 'twixt May and June,
Was stirred by breeze of laughter.

I asked no mortal maid to leave
A kiss where there were plenty;
Enough the fragrance of your lips
When I was five-and-twenty.

Fair mistress of a moment's joy,
We met, and then we parted:
You gave me all you had to give,
Nor were you broken-hearted!

For other lips have known your kiss,
Oh! fair inconstant lady,
While you have gone your shameless way
'Till life has passed its heyday.

And then we met in middle age,
You matronly and older;
And somewhat gone your maiden blush,
And I, well, rather colder.

And now that you are thin and pale,
And I am slowly graying,
We meet, remindful of the past,
When we two went a-Maying.

Alas! while you, an old coquette,
Still flaunt your faded roses,
The arctic loneliness of age
Around my pathway closes.

Dear aged wanton of the feast,
Egeria of gay dinners,
I leave your unforgotten charm
To other younger sinners.

Or was it some love-wildered beau
Of old colonial days,

With clouded cane and broidered coat,
And very artful ways?

And did he whisper through her curls
Some wicked, pleasant vow,
And swear no courtly dame had words
As sweet as "thee" and "thou"?

Or did he praise her dimpled chin
In eager song or sonnet,
And find a merry way to cheat
Her kiss-defying bonnet?

And sang he then in verses gay,
Amid this forest shady,
The dainty flower at her feet
Was like his Quaker lady?

And did she pine in English fogs,
Or was his love enough?
And did she learn to sport the fan,
And use the patch and puff?

Alas! Perhaps she played quadrille,
And, naughty grown and older,
Was pleased to show a dainty neck,
Above a dainty shoulder.

But sometimes in the spring, I think,
She saw, as in a dream,
The meeting-house, the home sedate,
The Schuylkill's quiet stream;

And sometimes in the minuet's pause
Her heart went wide afield,
To where, amid the woods of May,
A blush its love revealed.

'Till far away from court and king,
And powder and brocade,
The Quaker ladies at her feet
Their quaint obeisance made.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL

THE PORTRAIT OF "A GENTLEMAN"

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY

It may be so, — perhaps thou hast
A warm and loving heart;
I will not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing, thou fondly deem'st a nose,
Unsightly though it be, —
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
It may be much to thee.

Those eyes, — among thine elder friends
Perhaps they pass for blue; —
No matter, — if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do?

Thy mouth, — that fissure in thy face
By something like a chin, —
May be a very useful place
To put thy victual in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,
I know thou hast a child,
By that subdued, domestic smile
Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by thy side,
That cherub on thy knee;
They do not shudder at thy looks,
They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantel is a hook, —
A portrait once was there;
It was thine only ornament, —
Alas! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,
She begged thee all in vain;
She wept, — and breathed a trembling prayer
To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see
That picture torn away;

It was a solemn thought to think
What all her friends would say!

And often in her calmer hours,
And in her happy dreams,
Upon its long-deserted hook
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head
In melancholy wise,
And looks to meet the placid stare
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one, —
Perhaps I never may;
It is not often that we cross
Such people in our way;

But if we meet in distant years,
Or on some foreign shore,
Sure I can take my Bible oath,
I've seen that face before.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray —
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had from all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest —
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse —
Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor made a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
E'er the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,

That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said, —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago, —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer.

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE VICAR

Some years ago, ere time and waste
  Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
  And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
  St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
  Fair Margaret in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
  Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
  Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say —
  "Our master knows you — you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
  Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;

The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge, —
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor, —
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,

And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned
them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,

And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
  And hints to noble Lords — and nurses.
True histories of last year's ghost,
  Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
  And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
  Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
  Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
  He held, in spite of all his learning,
That, if a man's belief is bad,
  It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
  In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
  And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
  And when his hand unbarred the shutter,

The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus:*
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled, —
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,

Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid? — look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
"*Hic jacet* GULIELMUS BROWN,
Vir nulla non donandus lauru."

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

THE EFFECTS OF AGE

Yes, I write verses now and then,
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,
No longer talked of by young men
As rather clever.
In their last quarter are my eyes,
You see it by their form and size,
Is it not time, then, to be wise? —
Or now, or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!
While time allows the short reprieve
Just look at me! Could you believe
'T was once a lover?
I cannot clear the five-barred gate,
But trying first its timber's state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath and wait,
To trundle over.

Through galopade I cannot swing
Th' entangling blooms of beauty's spring,

I cannot say the tender thing,
Be't true or false.
And am beginning to opine
Those girls are only half-divine
Whose waists you wicked boys entwine
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,
I wish them wiser, graver, older,
Sedater, and no harm if colder,
And panting less.
Ah! people were not half so wild
In former days, when, starchly mild,
Upon her high-heeled Essex smiled
The brave Queen Bess.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

A CHAPTER OF FROISSART

(GRANDPAPA LOQUITUR)

You don't know Froissart now, young folks.
This age, I think, prefers recitals
Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,
And startling titles.

But, in my time, when still some few
Loved "old Montaigne," and praised Pope's *Homer*
(Nay, thought to style him "poet" too,
Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John was less ignored. Indeed,
I can recall how Some-one present
(Who spoils her grandson, Frank!) would read
And find him pleasant;

For, — by this copy, — hangs a Tale.
Long since, in an old house in Surrey,

Where men knew more of "morning ale"
Than "Lindley Murray,"

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,
'Neath Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation,"
It stood; and oft 'twixt spring and fall,
With fond elation,

I turned the old brown leaves. For there
All through one hopeful happy summer,
At such a page (I well knew where),
Some secret comer,

Whom I can picture, 'Trix, like you
(Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
Would sometimes place for private view
A certain token; —

A rose-leaf meaning "Garden Wall,"
An ivy leaf for "Orchard corner,"
A thorn to say "Don't come at all," —
Unwelcome warner! —

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid;
But then Romance required dissembling,
(Ann Radcliffe taught us that!) which bred
Some genuine trembling;

Though, as a rule, all used to end
In such kind confidential parley
As may to you kind Fortune send,
You long-legged Charlie,

When your time comes. How years slip on!
We had our crosses like our betters;
Fate sometimes looked askance upon
Those floral letters;

And once, for three long days disdained,
The dust upon the folio settled;
For some-one, in the right, was pained,
And some-one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
Of fixed intent and purpose stony
To serve King George, enlist and make
Minced-meat of "Boney,"

Who yet survived — ten years at least.
And so, when she I mean came hither,
One day that need for letters ceased,
She brought this with her!

Here is the leaf-stained chapter: — *How*
The English King laid Siege to Calais;
I think Gran. knows it even now, —
Go ask her, Alice.

AUSTIN DOBSON

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL FELLOWS

FLOREAT ETONA

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics:
I wondered what they meant by stock;
I wrote delightful sapphics;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supped with Fates and Furies, —
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago! how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whispered syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures!
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces!

Kind mater smiles again to me,
As bright as when we parted;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Stout-limbed, and simple-hearted!
Pursuing every idle dream,
And shunning every warning;
With no hard work but Bovney stream,
No chill except Long Morning:

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
That rattled like a rocket;
Now hearing Wentworth's "fourteen all!"
And striking for the pocket;
Now feasting on a cheese and flitch, —
Now drinking from the pewter;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone;
No playmate shares my beaker:
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some — before the Speaker;

And some compose a tragedy,
  And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for Liberty,
  And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
  Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities,
  As much as false professions;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
  A magistrate pedantic;
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
  Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
  Does Dr. Martext's duty;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
  Is married to a beauty;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
  His Mant, and not his Manton;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
  Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now; —
The world's cold chains have bound me;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me:
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles;
And lay my head in Jermyn Street,
And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hoby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry, —

For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby;
I long to lounge in Poets' Walk,
To shiver in the lobby;

I wish that I could run away
From House, and Court, and Levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day
Just Eton boys grown heavy, —

That I could back in childhood's sun
And dance o'er childhood's roses,
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses,
And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milkmaids Houris, —
That I could be a boy again, —
A happy boy, — at Drury's.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

FIVE O'CLOCK

In the old times of golden-gowned Romance,
When deeds wore grace, and color clung to speech,
When days were rich in splendid circumstance,
And living had a gesture and a reach —
Then had we been what figures in a tale!
You, with your crown of bronze and cloudy hair,
Child of what castle — till my dinted mail
Gleamed on your drawbridge, and you met me there.

Who knows what roads we might have gone together,
Helped by what friars to evening crust and ale,
With candles sputtering in the windy weather. . . .

Something . . . my soul remembers . . . and
gives hail
To you who sit there, pouring out my tea,
Something . . . remembers . . . "Yes, ah,
thank you — three."

DAVID MORTON

LOVE AND AGE

I PLAY'D with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Thro' groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wander'd hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And did I love you very dearly —
How dearly words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,

And many a splendid circle found you
The center of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
O, then, I thought my heart was breaking, —
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression; —
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glisten'd
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,

Then when my youngest child was christen'd: —
But that was twenty years ago.

Time past. My eldest girl was married,
And now I am a grandsire grey;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flower'd meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure, —
But that is not ten years ago.

But tho' first love's impassion'd blindness
Has pass'd away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM

YEARS — years ago — ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty, —
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty; —
Years — years ago — while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly, —
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball:
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced — O Heaven, her
dancing.

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender!
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 't was Venus from her isle,
And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd — of politics or prayers, —
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of danglers — or of dancing bears,
Of battles — or the last new bonnets,
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me it matter'd not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmur'd Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal;

My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frown'd; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks —
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the Stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;

She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun, —
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first — the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, — and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves; —
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And 'Fly not yet' — upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, — and then we parted.

We parted; months and months rolled by;
  We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
  Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
  There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
  But only — Mrs. Something Rogers!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT

Fair cousin mine! the golden days
Of old romance are over;
And minstrels now care nought for bays,
Nor damsels for a lover;
And hearts are cold, and lips are mute
That kindled once with passion,
And now we've neither lance nor lute,
And tilting's out of fashion.

Yet weeping Beauty mourns the time
When Love found words in flowers;
When softest sighs were breathed in rhyme,
And sweetest songs in bowers;
Now wedlock is a sober thing —
No more of chains or forges! —
A plain young man — a plain gold ring —
The curate — and St. George's.

Then every cross-bow had a string,
And every heart a fetter;
And making love was quite the thing,
And making verses better;
And maiden aunts were never seen,
And gallant *beaux* were plenty;
And lasses married at sixteen,
And died at one-and-twenty.

Then hawking was a noble sport,
And chess a pretty science;
And huntsmen learned to blow *à mort*,
And heralds a defiance.
And knights and spearmen show'd their might,
And timid hinds took warning;
And hypocras was warm'd at night
And coursers in the morning.

Then plumes and pennons were prepared,
And patron saints were lauded;
And noble deeds were bravely dared,
And noble dames applauded;

And Beauty play'd the leech's part,
  And wounds were heal'd with syrup;
And warriors sometimes lost a heart,
  But never lost a stirrup.

Then there was no such thing as Fear,
  And no such word as Reason;
And Faith was like a pointed spear,
  And fickleness was treason;
And hearts were soft, though blows were hard;
  But when the fight was over,
A brimming goblet cheer'd the board,
  His Lady's smile the lover.

Ay, those were glorious days! The moon
  Had then her true adorers;
And there were lyres and lutes in tune,
  And no such thing as snorers;
And lovers swam, and held at nought
  Streams broader than the Mersey;
And fifty thousand would have fought
  For a smile from Lady Jersey.

Then people wore an iron vest,
And had no use for tailors;
And the artizans who lived the best
Were armourers and nailers:
And steel was measured by the ell,
And trousers lined with leather;
And jesters wore a cap and bell,
And knights a cap and feather.

Then single folks might live at ease,
And married ones might sever;
Uncommon doctors had their fees,
But Doctors' Commons never;
O! had we in those times been bred,
Fair cousin, for thy glances,
Instead of breaking Priscian's head,
I had been breaking lances!

EDWARD FITZGERALD

"SHE WAS A BEAUTY"

She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President,
And quite coquettish in her ways, —
On conquests of the heart intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooed her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase, —
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Rose, who date from Hayes,
I hope you'll wear her sweet content
Of whom tradition lightly says:
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

Henry Cuyler Bunner

TO A SOUBRETTE

'T is years, soubrette, since last we met;
And yet — ah, yet, how swift and tender
My thoughts go back in time's dull track
To you, sweet pink of female gender!
I shall not say — though others may —
That time all human joy enhances;
But the same old thrill comes to me still
With memories of your songs and dances.

Soubrettish ways these latter days
Invite my praise, but never get it;
I still am true to yours and you —
My record's made, I'll not upset it!
The pranks they play, the things they say —
I'd blush to put the like on paper,
And I'll avow they don't know how
To dance, so awkwardly they caper!

I used to sit down in the pit
And see you flit like elf or fairy
Across the stage, and I'll engage
No moonbeam sprite was half so airy;
Lo, everywhere about me there
Were rivals reeking with pomatum,
And if, perchance, they caught your glance
In song or dance, how did I hate 'em.

At half-past ten came rapture — then
Of all those men was I most happy,
For bottled-beer and royal cheer
And têtes-à-têtes were on the tapis.
Do you forget, my fair soubrette,
Those suppers at the Café Rector, —
The cosy nook where we partook
Of sweeter cheer than fabled nectar?

Oh, happy days, when youth's wild ways
Knew every phase of harmless folly!
Oh, blissful nights, whose fierce delights
Defied gaunt-featured Melancholy!

Gone are they all beyond recall,
And I — a shade, a mere reflection —
Am forced to feed my spirit's greed
Upon the husks of introspection!

And lo! to-night, the phantom light,
That, as a sprite, flits on the fender,
Reveals a face whose girlish grace
Brings back the feeling, warm and tender;
And, all the while, the old-time smile
Plays on my visage, grim and wrinkled, —
As though, soubrette, your footfalls yet
Upon my rusty heart-strings tinkled!

EUGENE FIELD

DOLLY VARDEN

Dear Dolly! who does not recall
The thrilling page that pictured all
Those charms that held our sense in thrall,
Just as the artist caught her —
As down that English lane she tripped,
In bowered chintz, hat sideways tipped,
Trim-bodiced, bright-eyed, roguish-lipped,
The locksmith's pretty daughter.

Sweet fragment of the Master's art!
O simple faith! O rustic heart!
O maid that hath no counterpart
In life's dry, dog-eared pages!
Where shall we find thy like? Ah, stay!
Methinks I saw her yesterday
In chintz that flowered, as one might say,
Perennial for ages.

Her father's modest cot was stone,
Five stories high; in style and tone

Composite, and, I frankly own,
Within its walls revealing
Some certain novel, strange ideas;
A Gothic door with Roman piers,
And floors removed some thousand years
From their Pompeiian ceiling.

The small salon where she received
Was Louis Quatorze, and relieved
By Chinese cabinets, conceived
Grotesquely by the heathen;
The sofas were a classic sight —
The Roman bench (sedilia hight);
The chairs were French in gold and white,
And one Elizabethan.

And she, the goddess of that shrine,
Two ringed fingers placed in mine —
The stones were many carats fine,
And of the purest water —
Then dropped a curtsey, far enough
To fairly fill her cretonne puff

And show the petticoat's rich stuff
That her fond parent bought her.

Her speech was simple as her dress —
Not French the more, but English less,
She loved; yet sometimes, I confess,
I scarce could comprehend her.
Her manners were quite far from shy:
There was a quiet in her eye
Appalling to the Hugh who'd try
With rudeness to offend her.

"But whence," I cried, "this masquerade?
Some figure for this night's charade —
A Watteau shepherdess or maid?"
She smiled and begged my pardon:
Why surely you must know the name —
That woman who was Shakespeare's flame
Or Byron's — well, it's all the same:
Why, Lord! I'm Dolly Varden!"

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

POT-POURRI

"Si jeunesse savait? —"

I PLUNGE my hand among the leaves:
(An alien touch but dust perceives,
Nought else supposes;)
For me those fragrant ruins raise
Clear memory of the vanished days
When they were roses.

"If youth but knew!" Ah, "if," in truth? —
I can recall with what gay youth,
To what light chorus,
Unsobered yet by time or change,
We roamed the many-gabled Grange,
All life before us;

Braved the old clock-tower's dust and damp
To catch the dim Arthurian camp
In misty distance;

Peered at the still-room's sacred stores,
Or rapped at walls for sliding doors
Of feigned existence.

What need had we for thoughts or cares!
The hot sun parched the old parterres
And "flowerful closes";
We roused the rooks with rounds and glees,
Played hide-and-seek behind the trees, —
Then plucked these roses.

Louise was one — light, glib Louise,
So freshly freed from school decrees
You scarce could stop her;
And Bell, the Beauty, unsurprised
At fallen locks that scandalized
Our dear "Miss Proper:" —

Shy Ruth, all heart and tenderness,
Who wept — like Chaucer's Prioress,
When Dash was smitten;

Who blushed before the mildest men,
Yet waxed a very Corday when
You teased her kitten.

I loved them all. Bell first and best;
Louise the next — for days of jest
Or madcap masking;
And Ruth, I thought, — why, failing these,
When my High-Mightiness should please,
She'd come for asking.

Louise was grave when last we met;
Bell's beauty, like a sun, has set;
And Ruth, Heaven bless her,
Ruth that I wooed, — and wooed in vain,
Has gone where neither grief nor pain
Can now distress her.

AUSTIN DOBSON

LYDIA DICK

When I was a boy at college,
Filling up with classic knowledge,
Frequently I wondered why
Old Professor Demas Bentley
Used to praise so eloquently
"Opera Horatii."

Toiling on a season longer
Till my reasoning powers got stronger,
As my observation grew,
I became convinced that mellow,
Massic-loving poet fellow,
Horace, knew a thing or two.

Yes, we sophomores figured duly
That, if we appraised him truly,
Horace must have been a brick;

And no wonder that with ranting
Rhymes he went a-gallivanting
Round with sprightly Lydia Dick!

For that pink of female gender
Tall and shapely was, and slender,
Plump of neck and bust and arms,
While the raiment that invested
Her so jealously suggested
Certain more potential charms.

Those dark eyes of hers that fired him,
Those sweet accents that inspired him,
And her crown of glorious hair, —
These things baffle my description:
I should have a fit conniption
If I tried; so I forbear.

Maybe Lydia had her betters;
Anyhow, this man of letters
Took that charmer as his pick.

Glad — yes, glad I am to know it!
I, a *fin de siècle* poet,
Sympathize with Lydia Dick!

Often in my arbor shady
I fall thinking of that lady,
And the pranks she used to play;
And I'm cheered, — for all we sages
Joy when from those distant ages
Lydia dances down our way.

Otherwise some folks might wonder,
With good reason, why in thunder
Learned professors, dry and prim,
Find such solace in the giddy
Pranks that Horace played with Liddy
Or that Liddy played with him.

Still this world of ours rejoices
In those ancient singing voices,
And our hearts beat high and quick,

To the cadence of old Tiber
Murmuring praise of roistering Liber
And of charming Lydia Dick.

Still Digentia, downward flowing,
Prattleth to the roses blowing
By the dark, deserted grot.
Still Socrate, looming lonely,
Watcheth for the coming only
Of a ghost that cometh not.

EUGENE FIELD

THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE

HERE on my desk it lies,
Here as the daylight dies,
One small glove just her size —
  Six and a quarter;
Pearl-gray, a color neat,
Deux boutons all complete,
Faint-scented, soft and sweet;
  Could glove be smarter?

Can I the day forget,
Years ago, when the pet
Gave it me? — where we met
  Still I remember;
Then 't was the summer-time;
Now as I write this rhyme
Children love pantomime —
  'T is in December.

Fancy my boyish bliss
Then when she gave me this,
And how the frequent kiss
  Crumpled its fingers;
Then she was fair and kind,
Now, when I've changed my mind,
Still some scent undefined
  On the glove lingers.

Though she's a matron sage,
Yet I have kept the gage;
While, as I pen this page,
  Still comes a goddess,
Her eldest daughter, fair,
With the same eyes and hair:
Happy the arm, I swear,
  That clasps her bodice.

Heaven grant her fate be bright,
And her step ever light
As it will be to-night,
  First in the dances.

Why did her mother prove
False when I dared to love?
Zounds! I shall burn the glove!
This my romance is.

H. SAVILLE CLARKE

A GAGE D'AMOUR

"Martiis cœlebs quid agam Kalendis . . . miraris?"
(HORACE, III, 8)

CHARLES, — for it seems you wish to know, —
You wonder what could scare me so,
And why, in this long-locked bureau,
With trembling fingers, —
With tragic air, I now replace
This ancient web of yellow lace,
Among whose faded folds the trace
Of perfume lingers.

Friend of my youth, severe as true,
I guess the train your thoughts pursue;
But this my state is nowise due
To indigestion;
I had forgotten it was there,
A scarf that Some-one used to wear.
Hinc illæ lacrimæ, — so spare
Your cynic question.

Some-one who is not girlish now,
And wed long since. We meet and bow;
I don't suppose our broken vow
Affects us keenly;
Yet, trifling though my act appears,
Your Sternes would make it ground for
tears; —
One can't disturb the dust of years,
And smile serenely.

"My golden locks" are gray and chill,
For hers, — let them be sacred still;
But yet, I own, a boyish thrill
Went dancing through me,
Charles, when I held yon yellow lace;
For, from its dusty hiding-place,
Peeped out an arch, ingenuous face
That beckoned to me.

We shut our heart up, now-a-days,
Like some old music-box that plays
Unfashionable airs that raise
Derisive pity;

Alas, — a nothing starts the spring;
And lo, the sentimental thing
At once commences quavering
Its lover's ditty.

Laugh if you like. The boy in me, —
The boy that was, — revived to see
The fresh young smile that shone when she,
Of old, was tender.
Once more we trod the Golden Way, —
The mother you saw yesterday,
And I, whom none can well portray,
As young, or slender.

She twirled the flimsy scarf about
Her pretty head, and stepping out,
Slipped arm in mine, with half a pout
Of childish pleasure.
Where we were bound no mortal knows,
For then you plunged in Ireland's woes,
And brought me blankly back to prose
And Gladstone's measure.

Well, well, the wisest bend to Fate.
My brown old books around me wait,
My pipe still holds, unconfiscate,
    Its wonted station.
Pass me the wine. To Those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate, and deep,
    I pour libation!

AUSTIN DOBSON

OLD LETTERS

Have sorrows come? Has pleasure sped?
Is earthly bliss an empty bubble?
Is some one dull, or something dead?
Or may I, may n't I share your trouble?

. . . . . .

Ay, so it is, and is it fair?
Poor men (your elders and your betters!)
Who can't look pretty in despair,
Feel quite as sad about their letters.

Old letters! wipe away the tear
For lines so pale, so vainly worded;
A Pilgrim finds his journal here
Since first his youthful loins were girded.

Yes, here are wails from Clapham Grove;
How could philosophy expect us
To live with Dr. Wise, and love
Rice pudding and the Greek Delectus?

How strange to commune with the Dead!
Dead joys, dead loves; and wishes thwarted;
Here's proof of cruel friendships fled,
And, sad enough, of friends departed.

Yes, here's the offer that I wrote
In '33 to Lucy Diver;
And here's John Wylie's begging note, —
He never paid me back a stiver.

Here's news from Paternoster Row;
How mad I was when first I learnt it!
They would not take my Book, and now
I wish to goodness I had burnt it.

A ghastly bill! "*I disapprove.*"
And yet She help'd me to defray it: —
What tokens of a mother's love!
O bitter thought, — I can't repay it.

And here's a score of notes at last,
With "*Love*" and "*Dove,*" and "*Sever Never*";

Though hope, though passion may be past,
  Their perfume seems — ah, sweet as ever.

A human heart should beat for two,
  Whate'er may say your single scorners;
And all the hearths I ever knew
  Had got a pair of chimney-corners.

See here a double violet —
  Two locks of hair — A deal of scandal;
I'll burn what only brings regret —
  Kitty, go, fetch a lighted candle.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

THE QUAKER LADY

'Mid drab and gray of moldered leaves,
The spoil of last October,
I see the Quaker lady stand,
In dainty garb and sober.

No speech has she for praise or prayer,
No blushes, as I claim
To know what gentle whisper gave
Her prettiness a name.

The wizard stillness of the hour
My fancy aids; again
Return the days of hoop and hood
And tranquil William Penn.

I see a maid amid the wood
Demurely calm and meek,
Untroubled by the mob of curls
That riots on her cheek.

Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are red, —
Gay colors for a Friend, —

And Nature with her mocking rouge
  Stands by a blush to lend.

The gown that holds her rosy grace
  Is truly of the oddest;
And wildly leaps her tender heart
  Beneath her kerchief modest.

It must have been the poet Love
  Who, while she slyly listened,
Divined the maiden in the flower,
  And thus her semblance christened.

Was he a proper Quaker lad
  In suit of simple gray?
What fortune had his venturous speech,
  And was it "yea" or "nay"?

And if indeed she murmured "yea,"
  And throbbed with worldly bliss,
I wonder if in such a case
  Do Quakers ever kiss?

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL

DOROTHY Q

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view, —
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well;

Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to a daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;

Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech and song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whis-
pered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY)

This relative of mine,
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree,
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! . . . what a waist
For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
Falbala, —

Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
  Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
  Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
  To say "Come!"

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips?
  Whisper me,
Sweet sorceress in paint,
What canon says I may n't
  Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
  When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,

Her winters had, forsooth,
  Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow:
  By-and-by
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
  Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine:
  Well I wot
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit, —
  Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay;
Her charms had dropt away
  One by one:
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
  Will be done."

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
  Overprest,
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
  Are at rest.

O, if you now are there,
And sweet as once you were,
  Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
'T will all the better please
  Grandpapa.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

THE MINUET

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I could n't doubt it,
How she danced — my Grandma danced! —
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
Turning out her pretty toes;
How she slowly leaned and rose —
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too — ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting Grandpa's stocking —
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.)
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.
No — they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly curtseying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming —

Girls and boys I mean, of course, —
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy, —
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way,
Long ago."

MARY MAPES DODGE

MY AUNT'S SPECTRE

They tell me (but I really can't
Imagine such a rum thing),
It is the phantom of my Aunt,
Who ran away — or something.

It is the very worst of bores:
(My Aunt was most delightful).
It prowls about the corridors,
And utters noises frightful.

At midnight through the rooms It glides,
Behaving very coolly,
Our hearts all throb against our sides —
The lights are burning bluely.

The lady, in her living hours,
Was the most charming vixen
That ever this poor sex of ours
Delighted to play tricks on.

Yes, that's her portrait on the wall,
In quaint old-fashioned bodice:
Her eyes are blue — her waist is small —
A ghost! Pooh, pooh, — a goddess!

A fine patrician shape, to suit
My dear old father's sister —
Lips softly curved, a dainty foot;
Happy the man that kissed her!

Light hair of crisp irregular curl
Over fair shoulders scattered —
Egad, she was a pretty girl,
Unless Sir Thomas flattered!

And who the deuce, in these bright days,
Could possibly expect her
To take to dissipated ways,
And plague us as a spectre?

MORTIMER COLLINS

MY AUNT

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her, — though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father, — grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles, —

Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'T was in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins; —
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track;)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,

"What could this lovely creature do
  Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
  Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
  His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
  And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
  On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

A BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

I WONDER in what Isle of Bliss
Apollo's music fills the air;
In what green valley Artemis
For young Endymion spreads the snare:
Where Venus lingers debonair:
The Wind has blown them all away —
And Pan lies piping in his lair —
Where are the Gods of Yesterday?

Say where the great Semiramis
Sleeps in a rose-red tomb; and where
The precious dust of Cæsar is,
Or Cleopatra's yellow hair:
Where Alexander Do-and-Dare;
The Wind has blown them all away —
And Redbeard of the Iron Chair;
Where are the Dreams of Yesterday?

Where is the Queen of Herod's kiss,
  And Phryne in her beauty bare;
By what strange sea does Tomyris
  With Dido and Cassandra share
  Divine Proserpina's despair;
The Wind has blown them all away —
  For what poor ghost does Helen care?
Where are the Girls of Yesterday?

ENVOY

Alas for lovers! Pair by pair
  The Wind has blown them all away:
The young and yare, the fond and fair:
  Where are the Snows of Yesterday?

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY

VANITAS VANITATUM

O VANITY of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

What mean these stale moralities,
Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?
Why rail against the great and wise,
And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

Pray choose us out another text,
O man morose and narrow-minded!
Come turn the page — I read the next,
And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
And Folly set in place exalted;
How Princes footed in the dust,
While lackeys in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past.
  Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
  Upon his awful tablets penned it, —

Methinks the text is never stale,
  And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old old tale
  Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still;
  He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here at St. Peter's on Cornhill,
  As yonder on the Mount of Hermon:

For you and me to heart to take
  (O dear beloved brother readers)
To-day as when the good King spake
  Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

INDEXES

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A picture-frame for you to fill, 21
A street there is in Paris famous, 248
Again I hear that creaking step! 227
Alas, how soon the hours are over, 215
Although I enter not, 95
An angel at noon, she's a woman at night, 108
As after noon, one summer's day, 200
Ay, 't was here, on this spot, 65

Beneath the warrior's helm, behold, 241

Canst thou love me, lady? 73
Charles, — for it seems you wish to know, 316
Could I bring back lost youth again, 194

Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face, 52
Dear Dolly! who does not recall, 303
Dear Priscilla, quaint and very, 103

Fair cousin mine! the golden days, 295
Fair Eve devised a walking-suit, 216
Fly me not, though I be gray, 14
Free as the wandering pike am I, 149
From the tragic-est novels at Mudie's, 114
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass, 25
Full thirty frosts since thou wert young, 69

Gentle, modest, little flower, 131
Go and catch a falling star, 201
Good-night to the Season! 'T is over! 41
Good-night to thee, Lady! tho' many, 179
Grandma told me all about it, 333
Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess, 325

Had we but world enough, and time, 83
Have sorrows come? Has pleasure sped? 320
Heigh-ho! they've wed. The cards are dealt, 160
Her lips were so near, 63
Her scuttle Hatt is wondrous wide, 163
Here on my desk it lies, 313
How many between east and west, 26
How shall I sing you, Child, for whom, 4

I could resign that eye of blue, 141
I'd read three hours. Both notes and text, 88
I go to concert, party, ball, 47
I know not of what we ponder'd, 169
I know not why my soul is rack'd, 206
I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore, 213
I long have been puzzled to guess, 166
I love to hear thine earnest voice, 238
I'm sitting alone by the fire, 208
I observe: "Our sentimental friend the moon," 119
I painted her a gushing thing, 218
I play'd with you 'mid cowslips blowing, 286
I plunge my hand among the leaves, 306
I read to her one summer day, 98

I recollect a nurse call'd Ann, 237
I remember the time ere his temples were grey, 68
I saw him once before, 264
I saw it under the rose, 138
I sent my love two roses, — one, 86
I watch'd her as she stoop'd to pluck, 172
I wonder in what Isle of Bliss, 341
In the greenest growth of the Maytime, 145
In the old times of golden-gowned Romance, 284
It may be so, — perhaps thou hast, 258

Jenny kiss'd me when we met, 15
Just a week more of waiting, a week and a day, 37
Just as I thought I was growing old, 13

Lady, very fair are you, 32
Last year I trod these fields with Di, 160
Locate your love, you lose your love, 36
Lord Harry has written a novel, 225
Love me, sweet, with all thou art, 123
Loves, knights and squires, the numerous band, 9
Lyrics to Ines and Jane, 112

'Mid drab and gray of moldered leaves, 323
My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt, 338
My coachman, in the moonlight there, 230
My love she leans from the window, 82
My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed, 151
My Postman, though I fear thy tread, 235
My temples throb, my pulses boil, 224

Never mind how the pedagogue proses, 30
Not, Celia, that I juster am, 121

O vanity of vanities! 343
Oh, I would live in a dairy, 117
Oh, if the world were mine, Love, 158
Oh, see how thick the goldcup flowers, 34
Old Grimes is dead; that good old man, 261
Old letters! wipe away the tear, 320
On me he shall ne'er put a ring, 11
Out upon it, I have loved, 128

Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives, 71
Permit me, Madame, to declare, 28
Phyllis, you little rosy rake, 61
Platonic friendship, at your years, 29
Poor Rose! I lift you from the street, 185
Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak, 195

Sat we 'neath the dark verandah, 176
Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake, 203
Shall I, wasting in despair, 156
She came — she is gone — we have met, 188
She has dancing eyes and ruby lips, 22
"She is not fair to outward view," 126
She sits in a fashionable parlor, 182
She sports a witching gown, 19
She was a beauty in the days, 299
Short and sweet, and we've come to the end of it, 142

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, 165
Some years ago, ere time and waste, 267
Stand close around, ye Stygian set, 27
Strephon kissed me in the spring, 87
Sweet Nea! for your lovely sake, 100

'T is not your beauty nor your wit, 129
'T is years, soubrette, since last we met, 300
Tell me, perverse young year! 72
That 't is well to be off with the old love, 111
The days of Bute and Grafton's fame, 244
The glow and the glory are plighted, 108
The ladies of St. James's, 58
The marriage bells have rung their peal, 132
The merchant, to secure his treasure, 122
The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower, 196
The time I've lost in wooing, 198
The turtle on yon withered bough, 127
They may talk of love in a cottage, 16
They nearly strike me dumb, 22
They tell me (but I really can't, 336
This relative of mine, 329
Thou saist thou lov'st me, *Sapho;* I say no, 62
Though the voice of modern schools, 91
Thus Kitty, beautiful and young, 50
To put new shingles on old roofs, 232
Twelve years ago I made a mock, 279

Upon this anniversar*ee*, 6

"Vanitas vanitatum" has rung in the ears, 1

We two learned the lesson together, 191
We've lived for forty years, dear wife, 220
When first you trembled at my kiss, 254
When, full of warm and eager love, 64
When I behold a Forrest spread, 18
When I loved you, I can't but allow, 164
When I was a boy at college, 309
When I was one-and twenty, 193
When I was seventeen I heard, 12
When Love is kind, 136
When Man, expelled from Eden's bowers, 97
When Psyche's friend becomes her lover, 184
When Venus said: "Spell no for me," 107
Why don't the men propose, mamma? 55
Why so pale and wan, fond lover? 205

Years — years ago — ere yet my dreams, 289
Yes, I write verses now and then, 273
You don't know Froissart now, young folks, 275
You'll come to our Ball; — since we parted, 76
You smile and you smoke your cigar, my boy, 253

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Adams, Franklin P, 126.
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 138, 241

Bayly, Thomas Haynes, 55, 225
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 123
Bunner, Henry Cuyler, 82, 142, 176, 299
Burgess, Gelett, 149
Bynner, Witter, 36
Byron, Lord, 97

Calverley, Charles Stuart, 73, 169, 172, 206
Campbell, Thomas, 29, 194
Carroll, Lewis, 65, 218
Clarke, H. Saville, 313
Cochrane, Alfred, 244
Collins, Mortimer, 32, 336
Cowper, William, 26, 69, 188, 196

De Vere, Mary Ainge, 184
Dobson, Austin, 4, 58, 88, 91, 114, 185, 275, 306, 316
Dodge, Mary Mapes, 333
Donne, John, 201
Dowson, Ernest, 117

Eliot, T. S., 119

Field, Eugene, 300, 309
Fitzgerald, Edward, 100, 179, 295

Foss, Sam Walter, 220
Freneau, Philip, 127

Gilbert, William Schwenck, 131
Goldsmith, Oliver, 203
Greene, Albert Gorton, 261
Guiterman, Arthur, 216

Hall, Eliza C., 98
Halpine, Charles Graham, 11
Harte, Francis Bret, 208, 303
Hay, John, 86
Herford, Oliver, 28
Herrick, Robert, 14, 18, 62
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 238, 258, 264, 325, 338
Hood, Thomas, 151, 213, 224
Housman, A. E, 34, 193
Hunt, James Henry Leigh, 15

Kipling, Rudyard, 47, 191

Landor, Walter Savage, 25, 27, 68, 71, 72, 195, 215, 273
Lang, Andrew, 235
Learned, Walter, 12, 13, 63
Locker-Lampson, Frederick, 1, 22, 108, 160, 237, 320, 329
Lowell, James Russell, 230

McCarthy, Justin Huntly, 341
Martin, Edward Sandford, 6, 132, 232
Marvell, Andrew, 83

Mitchell, Silas Weir, 254, 323
Moore, Thomas, 30, 61, 136, 141, 164, 198
Morton, David, 284

Peacock, Thomas Love, 286
Peck, Samuel Mintun, 19
Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, 41, 76, 267, 279, 289
Prior, Matthew, 9, 50, 52, 122, 200

Riley, James Whitcomb, 253
Roche, James Jeffrey, 158

Saxe, John Godfrey, 166, 227
Seaman, Owen, 37
Sedley, Sir Charles, 121
Shakespeare, William, 165
Sherman, Frank Dempster, 103, 163
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 21
Story, William Wetmore, 64
Suckling, Sir John, 128, 205
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 145

Teasdale, Sara, 187
Thackeray, William Makepeace, 96, 248, 343

Webb, Charles Henry, 111, 112
Wells, Carolyn, 107
Willis, Nathaniel Parker, 16
Wither, George, 156

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 00108 045 4

Boston Public Library

Copley Square

General Library

PR1195
.V3F8

2631327326

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

WITHDRAWN
No longer the property of the
Boston Public Library.
Sale of this material benefited the Library